

A  
P I E C E  
OF  
FAMILY BIOGRAPHY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

DEDICATED TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

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Goddeſs Nature,  
Say, are not theſe thy Paſſions ?

FRANCIS'S *Eugenia*.

Avaunt, all ye  
Who love to hear of ſome prodigious Tale,  
The Bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh Whale !

DRYDEN'S *Prol. to Cæſar Borgia*.

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VOL. II.

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## C H A P. I.

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to the  
reader.

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Returning were as tedious as go o'er\*.

NAY, more so, as our travellers had  
noticed for the last ten miles, that they had  
scarcely seen a hut; and the post-boys re-  
collected, that about three miles further

\* Macbeth.

there was a pleasant village, where they might get some refreshment. "It's now late i' the day," said they; "and if's to be you like to stay there, we'll goo for'ard and endeavour to get ye another carriage. If we can't do that, which is most likely, you must rest awhile till your own be repaired."

This plan appeared the most eligible, as indeed the only alternative they had left. The post-boys were therefore desired to make all possible dispatch, and to meet them at the place appointed. Morgan was ordered to remain with the broken vehicle, to take care of the trunks, &c.; sir David mounted the old Welchman's horse; and the three other travellers, taking the path, set out towards the spot to which they were directed.

The excessive coldness of the weather, it  
being





being the latter end of December, as well as the shortness of the days, prompted them to make extraordinary haste; and in less than an hour, but not till it was dark, they entered the village.

Here every thing was so perfectly quiet, that our travellers almost doubted its being inhabited, until Mr. Le Dupe and Mr. Burley stumbled over—not a human being, but one oftentimes as wise, and always more patient and resigned, called a jackass, that was lying on the road, across which they were hastening to a light they observed at no considerable distance from them. The doctor had very nearly met with the same fate, but had escaped by going a little wide of the ass, with whom the parson and the connoisseur were now struggling who should get up first, and roaring most lustily for help.



The doctor, who did not really know with whom they had to contend, cried loudly, and took to his heels. Sir David's horse was also startled; but being a hack, nothing was so foreign to his thoughts as running away, especially when he smelt that he was near a baiting-place, to which it only made him take the baronet a degree quicker than he would otherwise have done.

Mr. Le Dupe and the parson soon brought the host of the Rose with lights to their assistance, who quickly replaced them on their legs, and by elucidating the subject dispelled their apprehensions.

By the time sir David with the help of his two friends had dismounted, the doctor, who after running a short distance had discovered that there was no cause for fear, returned and joined his party, laughing merrily

rily at the connoisseur and parson for their cowardice and dismay.

On entering the inn, or rather ale-house, they were at first received by the master with coolness and suspicion, which were well warranted by the oddity of their appearance ; but when sir David, who always undertook to be spokesman on ordinary occasions, had related very circumstantially and *touchingly* the accident they had met with, their rank, and the necessity that had brought them thither, his countenance began to brighten, and his servility was now almost as troublesome to them as his former rudeness and incivility.

The peasants and others who were assembled round the fire to drink their evening ale, were all, except one, a little fellow with a pimpled face, who was snoring sonorously over his cup, peremptorily

ordered to resign their places, and to withdraw to another quarter of the room. This mandate was instantly obeyed; and our travellers, not a little fatigued with the unaccustomed exertions of the day, very readily accepted the *honours of a sitting*.

“Welcome, gentlemen,” said the host, “welcome to the Rose—the best place for accommodation this village affords:—think yourselves happy therefore, gentlemen, amidst all your misfortunes, to have arrived safe here; and thank your stars for your good fortune.”

“I rejoice at the chance indeed,” replied the connoisseur, “that has thrown us into such worthy hands; and I have no doubt but that we shall do extremely well, if you will make up the fire, let us know what we can have for supper, and bring these



two gentlemen some ale, pipes and tobacco."

After a long eulogy on his ale, than which better never was brewed; and his pipes, than which longer never were made; and his tobacco, than which none finer was ever cut and dried; he retired to supply them with a quantity of each, with which he soon returned, and placing them on the table, "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'll go and see for my wife, to provide you something nice and dainty to eat."—"But, before you go, my friend," said the doctor, pointing to their unknown companion, "be so good as to tell us who this queer dog in the corner is, that plays so delightfully on his nasal trumpet."

"He!" cried the host: "Lord bless you, he's the rarest fellow we have about these parts; and, as you say, a queer dog,



though one of my best customers. He'll drink you as much ale as any four that come here. I have no rest, unless it be when he takes his nap. He has already drunk three quarts, but he'll soon sleep it off; and then he'll go to it again as fresh as a daisy. His friend the lawyer, who is lately come to look after our 'squire's estate, was here just now, and he is the only match I know for him. He'll drink you——

“ But you have not told us yet,” interrupted the doctor, “ who this grunter is.”  
 “ Right enough, no more I a'n't,” replied the other : “ Why, he is of three trades ; not one of which, however, would pay his ale-score for the year ; but, by the whole, he gets a mortal fight more than he can spend. In the first place, he is huntsman to 'squire Fullspeed ; next, as the 'squire never hunts more than the six week-days, he got him  
 made

made parish-clerk, that he might not be idle on Sundays ; and, thirdly, he keeps a school : but this he does by proxy in the hunting season, unless the winter is so sharp that they can't go out ; then he teaches the boys himself—and a woundy learned fellow he is, I can tell you that.”

This was enough for the doctor and Mr. Le Dupe. Away went the host ; and they, not being occupied with smoking, immediately concerted how they should wake the hunting clerk ; not only to prevent his snoring, but because they thought he might yield them some amusement.

No better way could be found at the moment than tickling his nose with the end of a pipe, which the doctor undertook to do with great willingness. During the time they were planning their operation and pre-

paring to execute it, Mr. Burley hinted to sir David, that, as the night was very cold and unpleasant, it would be as well to relieve old Morgan, by endeavouring to get some of the country folks to stay in his place. "Good God!" exclaimed the baronet, "I declare I had quite forgot poor Morgan." And he really had; so common is it for the wants of others to slip our memory when we are in no need of any thing ourselves.

"I'll send directly," continued he, "but who shall we get to go, Mr. Burley? Heavens, the man will be starved to death!"—

"I wull, for one, measter," cried a peasant, who was remaining in the room, and had heard with gaping curiosity the whole of the accident as related by sir David to the host. "And I'll goo along wi-ye," roared

another



another, "if's to be his honour wull give us a little drap of ale to keep out the cold—for it be main nipping these here nights."

Their offer was readily accepted, and the baronet would have given them half-a-crown a-piece for their trouble; but this they absolutely refused, and would not take more than a shilling each, which, they said, was as much as they deserved. It being settled between them which should stay with the carriage whilst the other conducted Morgan to the Rose, they set out, and the rest of the peasants betook themselves to their respective habitations.

The doctor had made several attempts to rouse the clerk from his stupor; but all his tickling with a pipe's end was vain and fruitless, on a man whose senses were so foused in ale, that a hedge-stake falling on his toes would have scarcely brought him to himself before his time, which was not



elapsed by ten minutes. However, a noise or storm ensued at this crisis, which shook the house to its foundation, and produced the desired effect on the clerk, as it would have done indeed upon any but the dead.

Shrieking and praying, swearing and expostulating, were on a sudden heard by our travellers over their heads, with the most violent scuffling and rumbling, apparently between half a dozen people, whose voices

———“ in pealing conclamations rose.”

It became more “ loud and awful” every moment, till at length a mighty crash was heard, much like unto the breaking open of a door (which was really the case) ; and shortly after, down the stairs came toppling headlong, or rather head over heels, our doughty combatants,

———and to this hour

Down had been falling, had MILTON.

the stairs been longenough.

The

The clerk started from his seat aghast with wonder and alarm, and, joining the rest, immediately hastened to the scene of action, where they found two men and a woman on the ground, rolling together in a state of unparalleled confusion.

The parties being separated by force, an explanation of their unaccountable conduct was very earnestly demanded, and as quickly granted : but all, unfortunately for the auditors, telling it at the same time, it was not possible to distinguish a word of any one of their stories.

However, it was extremely easy to guess the fact ; which was, that the host, in the language of Iago, was

“ A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;”

whom seeking, to prepare a meal for Sir David and his friends, he had discovered in

in her chamber carrying on a very comical *suit* with the forementioned lawyer ; upon which he had taken the law into his own hands, and proceeded against the culprits with the utmost severity, which occasioned *the action* just related. But the defendant-lawyer being as stout as the master of the *Rose*, although a *host* himself, had made the battle so doubtful,

“ That o’er their lustrous banners, high in air,  
 “ Vi&’ry on flutt’ring wings suspended hung  
 “ Irresolute on which to perch ! ”

The fray was rendered still more dubious by the interposition of the wife, who exerted her powers to part them without avail ; and the breaking open of the door alone put a period to the conflict, but not to the abuse, which was dealt out by the host in the most liberally illiberal manner imaginable.

The



The wife protested her innocence, and defied him to prove that she had ever been false to him. Nor could he, for the lawyer was only going through the preliminary business when they were surprised. He insisted upon it that she was a virtuous woman in the eye of the law ; “and as for myself,” added he (winking to the company), “no blame can attach to me, for I am simply employed in my profession when engaged in *chamber practice*.”

All this would not appease the enraged husband, who had had ocular demonstration of treason in the bud ; nor did he desist threatening and raging, until the clerk, interceding for his friend, whispered something in the host's ear that inclined him to think proper to turn his battery on his wife, and to leave the lawyer unmolested. She, poor woman ! bore it all like a tender, submissive

missive spouse, still professing her spotless chastity; and, when he had scolded himself hoarse, begged, in a humble tone, to know whether she should dress the guests some supper? This being answered by sir David in the affirmative, with an entreaty that she would be expeditious, she rose, and set about preparing what the house afforded.

The host's anger began by degrees to subside; and he had indeed, in part, assumed it (not for the first time) for the purpose of wiping away the stain of being thought a hen-pecked husband by his customers, whose opinion of his own and his wife's behaviour he requested to know. Thinking it wise, they were unanimous in avowing, that they believed the hostess to be a very virtuous good woman; and that he, on account of his misunderstanding, had ~~used~~ very improper language, for  
which

which he should certainly make an apology, and then be as friendly and loving as ever.

The connoisseur told him that he had no conviction but that of his eye-sight, which was the most deceitful of our senses. "I wish," said he, "you knew any thing of painting, I could explain it to you in a moment."—"He cannot doubt it," cried the doctor:

*"Quadratasque procùl turres cum cernimus urbis,  
Propterea fit uti videantur sæpe rotundæ \*."*

"Well," replied the host, "it is true that I have no cause for suspicion but from what I saw; and as you all seem to think I was in the wrong, I'll pass it over for this time: but mind, master (said he, turning to the

\* ——— 'Tis by sure experience found,  
A square when seen at distance seems a round.

CREECH'S *LOCRETIUS*.

lawyer)



lawyer), mind I don't catch you at your chamber-practice again. You may drink my ale as long as you list, but d—me if you wo'nt get the worst on't if I catch your tasting my mutton."

A cessation of hostilities taking place, the doctor hoped that no further mention might be made of the matter; and that they would all recollect, that as the affair was transacted *sub rosa*\*, it should therefore remain a perfect secret, and not be

———"in toto notissima fabula PAGO †."

"Ah! a vile pun!" ejaculated Mr. Burley; and he and the doctor would assuredly have gone to their old work, if the hostess had not just then put their "*nice and dainty*"

\* Under the ROSE.

† The most notorious story in the whole VILLAGE.

supper on the table, which consisted of some fat bacon fried, and cold cabbage warmed up, the only articles the larder of the Rose could produce.

The clerk and the lawyer were invited to partake of the feast, which they accepted without any hesitation, and ate with appetites nearly as keen as those of their companions, who not having tasted any thing since an early breakfast, fed, notwithstanding the coarseness of the fare, with uncommon avidity.

The host, who was before a very garrulous fellow, had since the late business become quite a silent man. The wife was also a little abashed; and the lawyer, feeling himself in an awkward predicament, spoke but seldom.

The doctor, Mr. Le Dupe, and the clerk,  
a merry

a merry rogue, enjoyed their confusion, and played off their double entendres, to the great entertainment of each other, and now and then of sir David when he understood them.

Supper being over, the lawyer took his leave, and the doctor began to sound the learned clerk respecting his proficiency in the dead languages. "As to dead languages," replied the schoolmaster, "I was once a vast pretty scholar indeed, but *want of exercise* has made me main slack—I can't get over my ground as I used to do. Then as to *the t'other* dead fellow, I never could greek it at all, that's flat. And, Lord blefs you! my Latin is of no more use to me here than—than—" Here he stuck for want of a simile; when Mr. Le Dupe helped him out by saying, "than it is to a young man at



at college, where it is considered a pedantic insult, and an unpardonable bore, to utter a Latin sentence."

"Like eno'," cried the clerk, "like eno'. No, bless you, I only *instructs* my boys in the English tongue. To be sure, my *larning* attributes a bit to make a body *learn it* them in a more purified way." Upon this he brought a few words totally inapplicable to the point, which he pronounced at the expence of quantity, and in defiance of intelligibility.

The doctor, perceiving with whom he had to deal, would not affront him by correcting his errors; but the connoisseur, who also observed his ignorance, offered to tell a story of a horse that spoke Latin, which he had once seen exhibited by a conjuror. It was evident to all the company, except the clerk, that Mr. Le Dupe was playing  
on

on him ; but he, amazed at the connoisseur's assertion, begged seriously to know what he had heard him say. " Why," replied he, " I believe he never held conversations, but merely asked for what he wanted. Therefore it was necessary that his master should make him need something to occasion him to speak. One time, Ignoramus (the horse's name) having been rode very hard, said with great shrewdness :

" Sum hot, cum ruba me downum cum wisp o'stawio."

" Upon my life," cried the clerk, but he was no ignoramus ! Better Latin I would not wish to hear. Well, I wish I may die if I could have thought it !"

Notwithstanding his extreme ignorance, the schoolmaster was a whimsical dog, and entertained them with a variety of stories of different gentlemen about that part of the country. One he related of the parson,

Mr. Le Dupe still tells whenever he can lug it in by any means.

“Our parson,” said he, “is a d—d fellow after the girls, and as full of joke as an egg’s full of meat. He may, without a word of a lie, be called the father of his flock. There’s not a pie he has not had his finger in. They say ’tis the husband’s part to get the child, the parson’s to make it a christian; but ecod ours often does both. A few Sundays ago (I shall never forget it) he preaches a sermon, and takes for his text, ‘Increase and multiply.’ As he came down from the pulpit, he laid hold of one who had rated him on his tricks, and said to him, ‘Surely none dare to say after this that I don’t practise what I preach.’ He’s the funniest creature alive,” continued the clerk. “Why, only to-day he was out a-hunting along wi’ us; and my master, the ’squire, going over a hedge, fell smack



smack in the ditch. ‘D—n you, lie still!’ cried the parson, who was close at his tail, and went clean over him. Presently I *comes* up wi’ him, and I *asks* why he did not stop and assist the squire. ‘Assist him?’ said he: ‘what, get off in the middle of a chace?—No! no!—not I for a bishoprick.—Beside, I was sure he was not hurt, for he fell on his head—and there’s *nothing in that*, you know.’”

With such kind of tales he diverted them until a very late hour; when sir David expressed some uneasiness about old Morgan, of whom no tidings had been heard, and the night was now too far advanced to get any body to go after him again. The postillions also had not performed their promise. However, nothing could be done before the morning; and the clerk, pledging himself to lend them all the assistance in his power, bade them a good night, carrying

ing away more ale than Falstaff's girdle ever held of sack.

A great inclination was at present unanimously felt to retire to rest, and an enquiry consequently made for their bed-chambers ; when they learned that two beds were the most they could possibly make up ; and how they should manage, being all men, was for some time a matter of doubt. At last, the doctor and Mr. Burley agreed, if they were furnished with a blanket each, to sleep before the fire, and Sir David and Mr. Le Dupe, who did not wish to display his eccentricity in this instance, occupied the two beds ; where we shall leave them to their repose.

And here, since I regard the reader as a fellow-traveller on rather a dull road, I give him joy of having got through, I believe, the longest stage we shall have to travel.

CHAP. II.

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Flattery—where she holds her court—in what woman has no free will—Milton and Homer—the kind of flattery that will not disgrace a man—Pernel's feelings on being flattered—Lord Greymont's misinterpretation—kissing—her ladyship's approbation of it—they arrive in town.

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OUR young heroine, with her friends lord and lady Greymont, meeting with no impediment, and without any occurrence worthy of particular notice, arrived, after a journey of two days, safe in the emporium of the kingdom. Pernel's mind had been well prepared, however, by her companions,



panions, for the scenes she was on the eve of enjoying. Nor were they silent on a head, the discussion of which never failed to reach the heart of the most prudent and virtuous of the sex. The gracefulness of her form, and the expressive beauty of her countenance, were the subject of repeated eulogy. His lordship especially was most warm and eloquent on the topic; and lady Julian constantly confirmed the justice of his remark; both assuring the innocent and unconscious Pernel, that she would shine a star of infinite note and admiration in the sphere in which she was then going to move.

Such conversation could not but excite, even in the breast of their unaffected companion, sensations of pleasure, I might almost say, natural to woman.

In the hearts of the female part of the creation, none I think will contend with

me that Flattery does not reign an arbitrary queen ! There she holds her court free and open to all her votaries, from whom unsatisfied she drinks the proffered draughts of adulation. And many of those she has possessed, she has made blind to the grossest abuse of reason and common discernment.

How often have I seen an object gorge from the tongue of flattery, as her just due, what I could only consider as ridicule and impertinent satire ! But after a little reflection and further observation, I was perfectly convinced, that those who are " framed in the prodigality of " ugliness imagine they are endowed with beauty, personal or mental attraction, or some inexpressible property, amply repairing every other casual defect. Of this uncertain virtue, however, they have but a confused idea, and rejoice to find any one that can espy it, confirming

firming and acceding most readily to the discovery.

But when I mention woman as the dearest favourite of flattery, let me candidly add, that men, the wisest as well as the weakest, are, though not equally, yet undoubtedly in a disgraceful degree, subject to its bewitching influence. And a slavish obedience to flattery in a man is shameful; whilst in a woman it is pitiable; for they so invariably succumb to it, that I am much inclined to believe that in this particular they have no will of their own.

History scarcely affords an instance of the reverse; but the truth of my assertion is supported and established in every age of the world, even if we trace it up to the source of all our woe, yet all our worldly pleasure,

——“ the fairest of her daughters, Eve !”



The Serpent knew nothing so efficacious to secure her attention, and by which to lead her on to ruin, as flattery. To work the sad purpose of his envoy, thus began the fell deceiver—And I beg the reader will mark with how much knowledge of nature Milton makes Satan introduce himself in the following manner :

Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ; much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Infatiate : I thus single, nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd ; but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,

Who

Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst  
be seen

A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd

By angels numberless, thy daily train.

This language from a reptile, even in paradise less seemly than all other, could not fail of success.

Into the heart of Eve his words found way. And after such a "proem tun'd" she listen'd with delight to

—his persuasive words, impregn'd

*With reason* to HER SEEMING, and *with truth*.

I shall adduce one more instance of the power of flattery on the susceptible feelings incident to the female constitution. It is that passage in the third book of Homer's Iliad, where Paris returning ingloriously from his contest with Menelaus, Helen upbraids him with cowardice, and wishes to

avoid his presence. To which, having recourse to the ever-successful recipe,

The prince replies : " Ah ! cease, divinely fair,  
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear :  
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power ;  
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour :  
There want not gods to favour us above ;  
But let the business of our lives be love.  
These softer moments let delights employ,  
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.  
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore  
My forc'd, my willing heavenly prize I bore ;  
When first entranc'd in Canaë's isle I lay,  
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away."

I have given this in English, as I am quoting for myself, and not for the doctor. But now for the issue of this adulatory speech, which you shall have in the luxurious periphrase of his translator :

Thus



Thus having spoke, the enamour'd Phrygian boy  
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.

Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,  
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

What think you of this for an effect? Alas!  
such is it too often with those who hang de-  
lighted on the lip of flattery. Wherefore  
did Anne take to her "bed-chamber" Glou-  
cester, that "lump of foul deformity," par-  
doning his murder of her husband and  
king Henry? Because, forsooth, he told  
her

——" 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on."

As to man, let him who is fond of flat-  
tery be also in love with virtue, and with  
doing good to his fellow-creatures. He  
may then, independent on the world, sit  
alone and flatter himself! This, as it is  
the only species he should indulge in, is the  
only one that will not disgrace him.

If my fair readers should think that I am too severe upon their sex, let them make their appeal to truth ; and I fear not but their own hearts will acquit me of misrepresentation or injustice. For their sake it is that I have dwelt so long on this point ; and I am, I believe I may venture to say, more pleased with myself than they are with me, but not more than they ought to be, for having exposed to them an enemy, not open but insidious, from which they have the most to apprehend.

The artful conversation of lady Julian, and the enthusiastic commendation of his lordship, wanted not the desired effect on the easy nature of their young companion. To hear her praises sung and celebrated so extravagantly by persons who had lived in circles composed of the flower of beauty, though it did not make her vain, had still  
the

the power for a moment to agitate her mind with pleasing thoughts.

Pernel's sentiments of good-nature and kindness have been already intimated; it will not, therefore, be a matter of much astonishment, that his lordship's assiduity, which he never remitted during the whole of the journey, should be construed by her into those qualities, and that she should consequently imbibe for him a considerable degree of esteem. This was evident in all her actions; and lord Greymont on his part ascribed, with secret satisfaction, her increased affability to an infant passion for himself just struggling in her bosom, and hailed it as the harbinger of rising love.

Emboldened by this idea, he had several times when travelling, towards the evening, pressed and even kissed her hand. At first



she blushed and felt confused, and, fearing lest lady Julian should disapprove of her admitting of such liberties, reproved his lordship. But her apprehensions respecting her ladyship were soon removed by lady Julian herself, who, on observing her perplexity, told her, that she must not think of being angry at trifles, but endeavour as much as possible to divest herself of her rustic notions, assume the conduct of a woman of fashion, and smile—not be displeased at such innocent gallantries.

This being said by her ladyship in her usual *riante* manner, Pernel received the correction with the greatest good-humour, and joined without hesitation the laugh it occasioned.

With a mind a chaos of brilliant images Pernel entered the metropolis, and was  
driven

driven in his lordship's chaise to his town residence in ——— square, where a sumptuous house received them from the fatigues of their journey.

## C H A P. III.

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Mr. and Mrs. Minshall—who they are—Lady Julian's character more fully disclosed—her diabolical project—why it may perhaps be necessary to hang or drown  
 fir David and his  
 companions.

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IT was a custom with lord Greymont to remain incog. for a fortnight or three weeks after his arrival; during which time neither he nor his sister-in-law paid or received any of their multitudinous visits, but merely indulged in private parties of *friends*, and resolved themselves into proper order to meet their numerous *acquaintance* at balls, routs, and Sunday concerts,



certs, which they were in the habit of giving with no little eclat.

Amongst others whom lady Julian had introduced to his lordship as her friends, were Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, who were of the first of their visitors. For both, but particularly for Mrs. Minshall, Pernel entertained a sincere affection. This circumstance the reader will naturally be surprised at, and wonder that he was not made acquainted with it before. Hence it will not be impertinent to give a general sketch of the story of these two persons, which will inform him how Pernel came to know them, at the same time that it gives him an opportunity of seeing deeper into the character of lady Julian.

Mr. Minshall was a man of easy, engaging deportment, and of refined conversation; to which accomplishments he perhaps

haps owed the uncommon success he had met with in life. He was born of a Scotch family, more famous for nobleness of blood than superfluity of wealth. They were verily poor in the extreme ; but this not their only son by many, had, at the age of twelve, the good fortune to please a gentleman so much, that, being without children, he adopted him ; gave him an excellent education in Scotland at a very inconsiderable expence ; and brought him up to the law, in which profession he had himself long held a situation of some eminence. In his patron's life, Mr. Minshall followed his avocation as a barrister with great perseverance ; but at his death, finding himself in possession of a fortune competent to all the wishes he then had, he remitted much of his usual diligence, and became rather a lawyer by form than by practice, from having chambers

bers in the Temple, than from carrying  
briefs into court.

His patron's connections in the world  
had been the means of bringing him ac-  
quainted with many very respectable fa-  
milies, as well as with some of the first dis-  
tinction. The deceased husband of lady  
Julian was in the latter number. He had  
more than a common regard and esteem  
for Mr. Minshall: they were inseparable.  
No rout, no card party, no excursion to  
watering-places, could be undertaken, un-  
less Mr. M. consented to partake of them.  
And in the house he was considered more  
as one of the family than as a visitor. Nor  
was lady Julian less attached to him than  
her husband: *she*, indeed, loved him to an  
excess; and hence arose all his consequent  
unhappiness.

Though



Though she ardently longed to make the most undoubtful overtures to him, yet her artful mind checked her by interposing fears, on account of the extraordinary honesty and uprightness of his character, and his firm friendship for her lord, which might lead him to shrink from them with abhorrence, and even to impart them to his lordship ; with whom, notwithstanding much unwarrantable private gratification, she had always managed to bear an unblemished fame.

These apprehensions restrained the strong impulse of her desire, and she contented herself with the hope, that, by laying wait for a favourable moment, she might ultimately obtain the enjoyment of her criminal passion.

Her husband dying about this time, left

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her, without children, a widow, with a very liberal jointure.

The keen and poignant sorrow she affected on this event has been already touched upon. Her friends came in shoals to console her; but she would see none of them except Mr. Minshall, who was allowed free ingress and egress at all hours. His visits were more constant than they would otherwise have been, by reason that his friend had requested him to assist in arranging his affairs after his demise.

Mr. Minshall endeavoured at every visit to mitigate, as much as he was able, the unbounded grief of lady Julian. "Ah! my dear sir," she would cry, "surely, as you are the best, so are you the most wonderful of men. I am truly at a loss to imagine, by what magic you are enabled to convey, in part, the peace of your own mind

mind into the bosom and heart of the afflicted—for certain it is, that your words and consolation have even the power to lighten the sad oppressive weight that dwells upon my spirits, and, more, to gild the gloomy clouds that hang upon my soul with streaks of happiness.” Here she would lift her eyes from the ground, beaming with expression, the fire of which was softened by the falling tear, and, fixing them on his, let her head, as if unable to sustain it, fall gently on his shoulder.

Such scenes, and more animated yet were continually renewed, but without making the least impression on Mr. Minshall; and this not only because he scarcely suspected her intention, but because his love was at that moment disposed of in a place much more deserving of it.

Mr. Minshall had recently seen a young

lady



lady, a boarder in a family he was accustomed to visit, whose amiability and beauty had captivated his affections, and whose favour he had been equally successful in gaining. She had resided in this family about eighteen months after the loss of her father and mother, who had left her, though no abundance, yet sufficient to maintain her, in middle life, with decency and respectability. Mr. Minshall having made up his mind on the subject, and procured the fair-one's consent, had settled a very early period for their nuptials. Lady Julian, hearing of this by some means, perceived that there was no time for delay, and determined to make him an offer of her hand at their next interview, not doubting but that he would meet it with alacrity, and feel himself happy in the change. But here her ladyship, as many others in like case

case have been before her, was most egregiously deceived; for Mr. Minshall received her declaration with only less coolness than astonishment; which subsiding, he, with all the politeness he could command, and in the tenderest manner possible, declined the honour she intended him, took his leave, and was a married man before he returned to the office he had to execute for his departed friend.

To describe the state of lady Julian's mind, were, perhaps, as unnecessary as impracticable. But the conclusion of its reiterated commotions will be more to the purpose.

The die being cast, she erased at once all marks of her former love from her breast, and in its place engraved, in deep and lasting characters—revenge! But what species of revenge, no heart not inured to vice and

infamy

infamy could imagine. She resolved to dissemble the chagrin and disappointment she experienced at Mr. Minshall's rejecting her proposal, and to court his friendship and his lady's, so in the end to work the utter ruin of them both.

Her plan was presently fixed upon, but not completely digested, when [the event already noticed of lord Greymont's taking her to do the honours of his house occurred, which gave a greater scope and a more certain prospect of success to her adopted system.

She had met with little trouble in explaining away her meaning to Mr. Minshall, who, having a great respect for her as a woman though not as a wife, and having nothing now to fear on that head, very readily introduced Mrs. Minshall to her ladyship, who soon gained the entire confidence



dence and esteem of her meek and unsuspicious rival.

Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, both alike remarked for the goodness of their disposition, had been married nearly a year, and, each loving the other with an unfeigned passion, lived a life of undisturbed felicity.

They had been once together at lord Greymont's seat, at which time Pernel had formed an intimacy with Mrs. Minshall, for whom she still cherished a very great regard. A desire Mr. Minshall felt to revive his relations, had induced them to make a tour through Scotland; and passing the summer there prevented them from spending it at his lordship's, which they would otherwise have done.

Lady Julian had commenced her attack with excessive caution, and was now in considerable forwardness with a mine, the promise

promised fair to destroy her unsuspecting friend. She had, with some pains, inspired Mrs. Minshall with an eagerness for play, which, however, on reflection, she often declared she would renounce ; but the bewitching and delusive reasoning of lady Julian had as often recalled her.

Some trifling incursions had been already made on the property of Mr. Minshall : but they were unfelt by him, and unknown to her as serious ; for, in the first place, he knew very little about his affairs ; and, in the next, never expostulated with her on any demand she made, as nothing was so distant from his thoughts as refusing her any thing.

Her ladyship saw this, yet had not the pity to arrest her course, and satisfy herself with the mischief she had then effected.

Still, as in the heart of Juno, the desire  
of revenge burnt bright and strong :

———“ working in her mind

The *secret seeds of envy* lay behind :

Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd

Of *partial Paris*, and her *form disdain'd*\*.”

Yet, with malignant joy, unmoved and  
merciless, she continued to sap the founda-  
tion that upheld a beauteous pile of happi-  
ness and innocence. With calm intrepid  
look she viewed it tottering to its base, and,  
fiend-like, smiled in the hope ere long to  
see it mingled with the dust.

But here I must necessarily break off any  
further narration of this part of my history,  
to attend sir David and his companions at  
the Rose, whom I must absolutely bring  
to town, or hang or drown, before I can  
proceed with any propriety or order.

\* Dryden's Virgil.

CHAP.



## C H A P. IV.

A discovery—breakfast—the stroller secured—Mr. Le  
 Dupe meets an old acquaintance who does not know  
 him—Tom Cuckoo, a dramatist—why so called—  
 an excellent comment on an old proverb—how  
 Lothario got half a crown from a judge for  
 stealing a goose—the coach and old Morgan  
 arrive — the connoisseur administers an  
 oath to the wheelwright — his opinion  
 of the two universities—how to make  
 children when they are grown up  
 neglect the Bible and Church  
 — a naughty custom at St.  
 John's,—a proverbial and  
 true saying — what the  
 author does to please  
 the reader.

NOTWITHSTANDING the awkward-  
 ness of their situation, the doctor and Mr.  
 Burley contrived to sleep very soundly,  
 and our two other travellers rested that

night better, mayhap, on the hard mattrasse and between the dowlas sheets, afforded them by the master of the Rose, than they had often done in the finest linen on a bed of down. For my part, I like a mattrasse—but that's no matter ! At an early hour they were all awakened according to their desire ; when they immediately arose, and assembled to take counsel together on the necessities of their case. They had not as yet heard any thing of the postboys, but had two strong reasons to imagine that they would not deceive them : the first was, that they had not been paid ; the second, if a second be necessary, that the horse sir David rode was at the Rose, and belonged to them.

To wait with patience, therefore, seemed the measure most likely to extricate them from their present difficulty. In this mind

the

they ordered their host to prepare as good a breakfast as he was able, whilst they took a turn in the village.

It being quite dark when they arrived, they were surprised on leaving the Rose to perceive the place so full of buildings, as they had formed an idea that there were not more than half a dozen huts beside the one they had inhabited. And the further they proceeded the more was their astonishment excited at the impudence of their host, who had asserted that his house was the best, when in reality it was the worst, for accommodation in the village.

About a quarter of a mile from their own hovel, they observed a very decent and promising inn, the distance of which had probably induced the lawyer and hunting-clerk to give the Rose the preference, since



it was more contiguous to their particular dwellings.

As they approached the King's-head (its sign), what was their pleasure, to see the very post-boys they were in waiting for, coming slowly out of the yard, where they had been all night, and were now about to return home, concluding, without thinking of the Rose, that fir David and his party had missed the road ! The meeting was mutually agreeable, but their joy was a little allayed by the lads' informing them, that they could not possibly procure a coach. " However (said they), we have enquired, and understand that there is a very good wheelwright in the village, who will soon repair the old one."

They had scarcely said this, when up came the identical wheelwright, sent by the school-

schoolmaster ; who, though he was obliged to go out with the hounds that morning, had not been negligent of his promise to serve them to the extent of his power. The fellow saying that, if it was merely a wheel damaged, he could set them a-going in a couple of hours, he was desired to dispatch, the post-boys told to be in readiness at the King's head ; and they, having so short a time to stay, thought they might as well return to the Rose, where their breakfast had now been for some time anxiously waiting to be devoured.

The falsehoods of their host it was deemed prudent to pass over in silence ; and finding tea, cream, butter, bread, and eggs, prepared for their breakfast, they had no cause to complain of their present treatment.

D 4

While

While they were enjoying this meal before the fire with great satisfaction, they were suddenly interrupted by a violent scuffling and confusion of tongues from the outside of the door; and presently some one knocking very loud bellowed out, "Be the lar-yer here?"

Upon this, the host opened the door, and they beheld a singular-looking figure, seemingly in the custody of three clowns. "No," said the master of the Rose, "he arnt here, nor he arnt been here this morning. What do you want of him?"—"Want!—why, doant ye see," roared one of the fellows, "that we a caught un?"—"Caught! caught who?" said the other.—"Why, this here fella here; and we wants the lar-yer to tell we what us is to do wi-him."—"But what has he been doing?" rejoined



rejoined the host. "Doing! Lord help ye, doant ye see, he be as mad as a March hare? But, down'un, we are got un tight eno' at last."

Our travellers had all been very attentive to this scene, but Mr. Le Dupe in particular, who fancied he recollected the countenance of the young man they held in custody, but could not immediately recall to his mind the situation in which he had seen him. However, when he began to appeal to the company, the connoisseur's memory was instantly strengthened by the additional testimony of his voice, and he now perfectly remembered who he was, and where he had met with him.

He had known him as valet to a friend of his in London, in which occupation he was remarkable for his dexterity and sprightliness. At present it appeared from his own

vindication, that having turned player, and being in that part of the country with a strolling company, he had accustomed himself in the morning to walk in the fields for the purpose of studying his part, which he did in an audible voice; and that these clowns, having observed him, had inferred that his brain was disordered, and determined within themselves to secure him the very first opportunity. This was the third morning they had been on their post, watching him in ambush. He was then rehearsing the part of Octavian; and just as he came to that scene where he dashes himself on the ground, they, having surrounded him by degrees, seized the moment, and jumped upon him, bound him, and brought him, as we have this instant seen, in triumph to the village.

“What, Jerry, is it you?” said the  
connoisseur

connoisseur addressing him. "So, you've left your old master, and turned stroller, eh? Well, your friends here seem to have taken a great liking to you, and wish to settle you for life."—"Jerry, fir!" replied the other.—"Indeed, fir, you are very familiar with one who never saw you before." "Odso!" cried the connoisseur going close to him—"what, did you never see me before?"—"No, fir," said he, "never to my recollection."—"Why, ods bobs," rejoined he, "surely I can't mistake? Don't you remember my visiting your master, when you lived with Tom what's his name the Dramatist, whom I and his friends used to call Tom Cuckoo, because he lived on sucking the eggs of other birds of the drama?" Here the peasants began to grin, and one of them said, "He'd be down'd



if there warn't a couple on 'em—one was as mad as the t'other."

In this conversation Mr. Le Dupe had thought it needless to mention his name, and the alteration Morgan's wig made in his appearance had totally escaped his memory. And as he was afraid, until he understood his innocence, that Jerry would claim an acquaintance with him, so did he now find it vastly troublesome to make himself known. For, even after he had told his name, the other would not believe him to be the same man; and it needed the protestation of the whole company that they had been witnesses to the metamorphosis their late accident had produced on Mr. Le Dupe, to persuade him to give credit to it.

The connoisseur now ordered the peasants

ants each a pot of ale for their pains, desired them to let *his* man loose, and thanked them for having secured him, saying, he was certainly as mad a fellow as ever lived.

Hearing this, they turned Jerry into the room, shut-to the door, and, without waiting for the beer, ran off as fast as they could, thanking heaven that they had found somebody to own and take care of so desperate a madman.

Jerry, after they were gone, laughed heartily at their mistake, and related the affair with so much pleasantry, and described the low ebb of their dramatic fund and company so humorously, that they were all highly delighted with him.

“ We breed so fast too,” said he, “ that our cart when we travel is chuck-full of bastards, and we are of course obliged to turn footpads, that is, to walk :—don’t mistake

take me, gentlemen. A few days ago, the gay Lothario of the company was taken before a justice of the peace, on suspicion of having stolen a goose off a common we were crossing. On this occasion we sent our Calista with him, attended by eight children walkers, and two in her arms, all of which she declared she had borne Lothario in honest wedlock. And in this instance the children were of use to us; for they saved the gallant Lothario and the fair Calista from standing in the stocks. The justice, I recollect, was mightily moved when the necessity was represented to him by our colleague, a shrewd fellow, which a poor devil must labour under, who had to maintain so many *‘pretty ones.’* And he said: ‘Be of good cheer, woman,’ speaking to Calista, who was ‘like Niobe all tears;’ ‘persuade your husband to be honest.



honest for the future, and never fear on account of your children, for whenever God sends mouths he always sends victuals also.' — 'That may be, your worship,' said Lothario, encouraged by a previous acquittal; 'but unfortunately it too often happens, as it now does to us, that *He* sends all the mouths to one house, and all the victuals to another.' This last observation tickled his honour so much, that Lothario actually got half a crown from the justice for stealing the goose."

"By what may be gathered from your language," said the connoisseur, "you would have no objection to alter your case." — "Indeed I should not," replied Jerry; "and if I do, bad must be the case that is not better than the one I am in."

"Well then," added Mr. Le Dupe, turning to the doctor, "if I might advise you,

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you, make Jerry your valet ; and as you and your father are strangers in town, trust me, you will find him of no little service to you." This the doctor willingly agreed to, saying, " that as they should soon be ready to go, he had better return to his old quarters immediately, that he might be back in time."—" To my old quarters !" cried Jerry—" what for, sir ?"—" To pack up your clothes," replied he.—" Lord bless you, sir," replied the other, " a strolling player pack up his clothes !—Heaven forsake me if I have a change in the world ! Nor shall I have until you, sir, get into some town where I can be equipped. This I have on is my best suit—best, because I have no other. In it I have played a whole season, every night in play and farce, as I hope to be saved. But I must not despise my coat, neither ; for to it more than to my

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you my merit (no uncommon thing) I owe  
 trust my preferment to the part of Julius Cæsar.  
 e to Its size (being no spenser, as you may see),  
 d to, and the fun having changed its original co-  
 a be lour, which was blue, to something like  
 old a purple, by turning the buttons inwards,  
 back and twisting it round me, it was thought  
 cried by our manager to imitate, if not correctly,  
 up yet certainly much better than any other  
 blefs coat in the company, the habit worn by the  
 lling Roman emperors.”—“ Ay, the chlamys—”  
 for- said the doctor smiling—“ a charming  
 world! imitation, truly!”—“ Well, gentlemen,”  
 into continued Jerry, “ so I enacted Julius  
 This Cæsar in the play; then slipping into the  
 use I arms and displaying the buttons, I was  
 whole dressed for Peeping Tom in the farce.”

as I “ But your ladies,” said the doctor,  
 espite “ I hope they are better off?”—“ No, not  
 an to in the least,” replied Jerry.—“ Nay, don’t  
 my say

say so," cried Mr. Le Dupe. " In one thing they certainly are; for, according to your own account, the company abounds in shifts!" The doctor and sir David joined the connoisseur in a titter; the parson shook his head, and Jerry proceeded: " But I would not have you think, gentlemen, that I have not seen better days. There was a time when I was my own master; I was, indeed, when a strolling player; but, master, alas, of nothing else! However, I am not of a grieving disposition. If the sun smiles on me, I return the smile—if the clouds lower, I smile by myself."

The doctor as well as sir David were so much pleased with the dramatic hero, that they felt an inclination to hear more of his adventures to fill up the time; and he was about to comply with their request, when their carriage, completely repaired, to

take



one take the wheelwright's word, drew up to the door. Old Morgan was in it. Sir David had told him to watch the trunks; and he would not trust them to the care of any one, doubting even those who affirmed that they came from his master.

"But you must be almost starved," said the baronet; "you have not ate any thing since yesterday morning."—"I peg hur parton, fir Tavit," replied he, "Morgan never travels without her little pottle and a crust of bread in her pockets." Saying this, he exhibited a small pouch, holding, or rather which had held, about half a pint of rum, with which and his crust he had managed passably well during the night. However, the company would not depart until he had made a more substantial repast. This accomplished, our good folks took their former seats in the carriage, except Mr.

Mr. Le Dupe, who would not resume his before he had taken a very accurate survey of the wheels, and put the wheelwright to his oath that there was nothing to be feared from them.

Jerry by preference, having no boots, though not without much persuasion on the part of Morgan to accept the horse, got up behind the coach, and, sitting on the foot-board, entertained the old Welchman with many unaccountable stories that served to relieve the tedium of the way.

Their masters in the inside were not less talkative; but as it would be an endless and unamusing task to record every thing that was said on every topic that was broached or discussed, I shall content myself, and most likely the reader also, by merely touching on a subject that had been a bone of ceaseless contention between Mr. Burley and the

the doctor, and which they now for the first time introduced for the judgment of the connoisseur. I celebrate it the more, as it was, indeed, the only thing worthy of any notice that occurred in the way of conversation during that day's journey, which they pursued to a very late hour. Nor did any accident happen to them of consequence enough to deserve remembrance, although Mr. Le Dupe was in constant expectation of a repetition of the same they had met with the day before, and had his head out of the window, incessantly regarding through his glass the miscreant wheel that had so disconcerted him. Sir David in this respect was not less anxious and vigilant.

Mr. Burley and the doctor had treasured up in their minds an insult the connoisseur had offered to collegers, in the simile with which he had furnished the hunting-clerk ;  
and



and each conceiving that he alluded only to one university, and that not his own, they were both desirous of taking his opinion on the matter, begging he would be candid, and declare which of the two seats of learning he deemed the most meritorious.

The connoisseur began: "My sentiments on this question, gentlemen, are grounded in reason and common sense; therefore perhaps neither of you will be pleased to hear them. However, if you wish it, I am ready to state to you the ideas I formed of them from repeated visits to both."

"Well," interrupted the doctor, "and can they bear a comparison, Mr. Le Dupe? Is not Oxford a place

*Cui par est nihil et nihil secundum\*?*

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\* Which has no equal or second.

MARTIAL.

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Dupe?

"The colleges——" "Sir," said Mr. Le Dupe cutting him short, "is it your intention to speak about this affair, or shall I?"—"Oh! you, certainly," cried Mr. Burley. "Beside, it's very unfair of him to endeavour to prepossess you in favour of Oxford. But that is impossible, since you have been at both. You that have seen the chapel belonging to King's, the——" "Well, it does not signify," interrupted Mr. Le Dupe. "Settle it between yourselves. As you won't permit me to give my opinion quietly, I'll ha—ha!—Damn it, we're down again!" roared the connoisseur (the coach going over a stone, which gave them a sudden jolt), and whipt his head out to see that all was safe.

They now promised not to stop him any more, and he at length proceeded thus:  
"Both your universities, gentlemen, to  
be

be ingenuous, and not partial, abound, think, in the grossest absurdities."—"O!" exclaimed Mr. Burley and the doctor at the same moment: but the connoisseur crying, "Oh! d—n it, tell the story yourselves, then, for I won't,"—they were silent.

"With absurdities, I repeat," continued he, "and, I may add, indecency and mockery! What is it but an absurdity to read lectures on Locke or Mathematics to young men who are either quizzing the lecturer, or perusing novels they have often been detected with in such situations? What can exceed the ridicule of making youth write, of all things in the world, an epigram for Shirking chapel? Should he not rather be compelled to compose a sermon? But to add to the absurdity, this epigram is any four pointless Latin verses to be written on a half-sheet of fool's cap

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(the only appropriate part of the ceremony) which seems to be a perquisite of waste paper to the vice-provost. The attendance at chapel twice a day, which might have been, in former and more religious ages, the effect of real piety and true devotion, is, in the generality of the young men of our various colleges, indecency and mockery.

“ They are forced into chapel in the morning with eyes scarcely open ; and, in the evening, after dining in the hall at three, and drinking wine till five, sometimes to receive the Sacrament ! and always to hear prayers gabbled over with such a shameful rapidity that the responses often take the lead ; and once I remember hearing one of the readers declare, that he would give any other as far as Pontius Pilate in the Creed, and *read him* for his ears.

“ This coercion, as it relates to the creation of piety and the love of religion, I look upon as equally frustrating its purpose, as when parents oblige their children at too early an age to read the sacred writings. Hence it is, that they both acquire a disgust for those things that are ‘ nothing worth’ unless embraced with an unconstrained spirit. The former, emancipated from college rules, regards a place of divine worship as a culprit does a prison he has just been freed from, and is a long time before he can divest himself of unpleasing sensations on its account. The latter, when they grow up, imagine that they have read the Bible sufficiently in their youth, and are too apt, for the remainder of their days, to view it in the light of an old tormentor, rather than as a balm that can heal the troubles of the mind.

“ Study,

“ Study, you know, is entirely out of the question ; with a few exceptions it is never thought of ; and their whole conversation is made up of lamentations about their confinement. But from this I must exclude the sons of the nobility : they have no cause to lament. At the universities, as elsewhere, they still hold their privilege to be as vicious as they please, without controul.

“ Dramatic entertainments are precluded, being considered as prejudicial to the morals of the academicians, or, at least, subjects too light and trifling for their attention. Sacrifices to Venus and Bacchus, however, they observe as faithfully as did the former votaries of these deities, the Greeks and Romans. And they are not only connived at, but even encouraged ; for it is an absolute fact, that, at St. John’s college, Cambridge, the undergraduates are



awarded a shilling each man at particular times of the year (I put it in the Latin) *ad purgandos renes*, for which purpose they have recourse to Castle End, the *Papbos* of *Alma Mater*."

Here the doctor grinned, as this was a rub for the parson.

"In a word, I wholly disapprove of the present conduct of our universities, and of the petty contentions they give rise to, respecting superiority amongst their members ; a thing that bespeaks a narrowness of mind, and a want of those generous sentiments that should obtain in the bosoms of gentlemen and scholars. That one is better than the other, in that for which it should be valued, I deny ; as well as I deny that their degrees are honourable, since I see them equally conferred on the deserving and undeserving, the learned and the ignorant.

norant. To those who may affirm that they have produced many great men, I say that such geniuses would have been as distinguished, if not more so, had they never seen either of these places after leaving Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Merchant Taylors', or Westminster school\*. And I can tell you further and lastly, what I presume you both knew before, that it is a byphrase or proverb at Cambridge and at Oxford, *that the boys arrive there Golden Scholars, become Silver Masters, and, at last, turn Leaden Doctors.*"

As he said these words, all comment on his observations was prevented by the post-boys driving up to the inn in which they were to rest that night.

Mr. Burley, however, as he got out of the

\* Mr. Le Dupe's opinion on this point does not differ much from that of Milton and Gibbon.

coach, could not help repeating "Leaden Doctors" with a malicious smile at the doctor, who did not at all admire the connoisseur's conclusion: but as they had been treated alike, they were neither of them much displeased with the openness Mr. Le Dupe had evinced; which, indeed, was a customary habit with him when he was acquainted with his subject.

The doctor and Mr. Burley knowing the connoisseur's mind, resolved never to renew the question; and having roused sir David from a nap his long speech had produced, they were all ushered by the landlord into what they had for some time been a stranger to—a very comfortable room, in which they found one of the connoisseur's best friends—an excellent fire.

The increased length of this chapter or stage, after hinting at the end of the first  
that



that that would probably be the longest, might, perhaps, merit some apology, were I not conscious how much the reader must be thankful to me for prolonging his pleasure. However, if he should not exactly think as I do, I will, to oblige him, *turn over a new leaf.*

## CHAP. V.

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Sir Walter forbids clawing the reader—Jerry tells  
 his story—his touch turns every thing into gold  
 — a voyage—reasoning—a dramatic pla-  
 giary—why and when he leaves off eat-  
 ing — a caricaturist—he's tapped,  
 but not for the dropfy—a con-  
 test between an Irish brick-  
 layer and the old  
 Welchman.

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SOME of my contemporaries, whom I  
 dare not mention, have thought it wise to  
 call their readers by sweet and soft names,  
 to induce them to persevere to the end. I  
 have no need of any such provocative;  
 and I fear that theirs is an erroneous notion,  
 if we may depend on Sir Walter Raleigh,  
 who

who says, in his preface to the History of the World, "that let us claw the reader with never so many courteous phrases, yet shall we evermore be thought fools that write foolishly." This for the incogniti. And now, like the flying-fish, I shall wet my pinions afresh, that is, dip my pen again in the ink, and pursue my course with my wonted vigour.

The first thing that was thought of by our travellers on entering the inn, was to enquire whether they could be accommodated with beds, and to desire to see them. The chamber-maid being present shewed them into two single and one double-bedded room, which were all they were able to make up, as their house was rather a place of call than of rest.

The beds being all very good, sir David and Mr. Le Dupe readily agreed, as they



had had the advantage of their comrades the preceding night, to occupy the double-bedded room, and to let them enjoy the single ones. This settled, it being only eight in the evening (which was, however, a very late hour to travel in the winter), they unanimously consented to order supper at ten, and to fill up the interim with a pipe, and some of their landlord's best old port, a liquor they had not tasted for *a whole day*!

Jerry and Morgan were not less provident, but much more expeditious; for, having betaken themselves to the kitchen, they had immediately sent a *corps d'observation* into the larder, and were in five minutes seated at a little round table with a large round of beef before them, on which they were both, but Jerry in particular, feeding with wonderful voracity. While they were proceeding

proceeding in this style, cutting their way through every thing that opposed them, Jerry was summoned to wait on the gentlemen in the parlour; but when they understood he was at his dinner, a second message was dispatched, to desire that he would first finish his meal.

The conversation amongst sir David and his friends had turned on the doctor's new valet; upon which Mr. Le Dupe proposed hearing his story: a proposition that was instantly agreed to, as likely to afford them an agreeable entertainment till supper-time.

In about a quarter of an hour Jerry made his appearance. He was a middle-sized man, of a queer though pleasant countenance, and bore very little the badge of servitude in his carriage and address, but much of the droll and careless fellow.

“ Well, Jerry,” said the connoisseur to him as he came into the room, “ we sent for you to amuse us with an account of yourself. I suppose you have no particular wish to keep your story concealed : if you have, say so.” — “ Lord bless you, sir,” replied he, “ none in the least ; ’tis not worth keeping a secret, and therefore I sadly fear, like most *family secrets*, scarcely worth telling. However, gentlemen, if you are willing to listen to it, I’ll give it that very valuable recommendation which most of our modern story-tellers neglect—I’ll make it as short as possible.”

He now drank off, without much pressing, a bumper of port wine, which the doctor handed him ; and, being desired to take a seat, thus entered upon a sketch of his life :

“ I could, gentlemen, were I inclined to

take



take up many hours of your time, recount to you the various pranks and childish actions of the earliest of my days : I could even, in imitation of Sterne, inform you in what manner I was begotten, when conceived, and whether my legs or my head first introduced me into the world. But I shall wave all these circumstances, and, to ensure brevity, which is the charm of every tale, merely skim over the prominent features in the portrait of my life :

“ My surname I shall, for the honour of my parents, with your leave, suppress ; and the many aliases that have been tacked to it I shall also pass over in silence, as promising to contain neither interest nor amusement.

“ My father was a respectable shopkeeper in the city ; and being himself dotingly fond of merchandise, he, like many other parents, without

without considering the talent of the child, brought me up with great care to the same trade. But all his attention and instruction were totally lost upon one who had a natural and insuperable antipathy to every kind of business, and whose whole mind was filled with airy notions of fame and renown. In a word, gentlemen, I had a smattering of taste for literature.”—“For literature?” echoed the doctor, with a stare.—“Yes, sir,” said Jerry: “unfortunately for myself, I had formed the foolish idea, which has been the bane and ruin of hundreds, that I possessed some sparks of genius, and might make no inconsiderable figure in the world as an author.

“My father dying left me for fortune a good shop, the stock in trade, and a good business; which I endeavoured to carry on for some time; but attending more to mak-

ing

ing poetry than to making money, to turning a period than to turning the penny, or pleasing my customers, whom I often dismissed unserved when the mania was on me, I was at length obliged to abandon the advantages of my shop, and to keep myself a close prisoner. I then for the first time saw, but not till my last farthing was gone, how much my vanity had imposed on my reason. The instant I felt the pressure of necessity, I applied with some degree of confidence to my friends, the conductors and publishers of several Magazines, who had long battered in the sunshine of my prosperity, and, whilst eating my dinners, had so often complimented me on my surprising genius, and called me the favourite of the Muses :

‘ But the case was now alter’d,  
 —the beggar’s shop was shut,’

and



and they gave me the coldest and most disheartening reception, absolutely refusing to give the *most surprising genius*, and the *favourite of the Muses*, sixpence a sheet for his verses.

“Thus being unable to raise money enough by my writings to pay for my lodgings in the attic, and therefore being made a bankrupt in the court of Apollo as well as in the court of Chancery, I was arrested, and lodged, rent free, in the ———; where I passed my time, however, in the best and most fashionable company I had ever met.

“In a short time my creditors perceiving that they might as well endeavour to extract blood out of a post as money out of me, thought proper, in the plenitude of their mercy, to set me at large; by which they avoided paying, as I afterwards understood, a certain allowance, which a creditor is  
compelled

compelled to discharge while he keeps his debtor confined.

“ I shall now pass over five years of my life.”—“ By no means,” interrupted the doctor, “ by no means ; pray don’t think of doing any such thing ; but let us know how you managed in the great emergency you must have experienced on leaving the ——— without a penny in your pocket.”

“ In truth, sir,” replied Jerry, “ it will afford you but little pleasure, as I then took a sea voyage, and as other travellers have recounted these things over and over again.”

The whole company now entreated he would relate at least the principal events that occurred during his tour of five years. Here an altercation ensued, which lasted some minutes, during which, Jerry earnestly begged that they would excuse him ; but at length being over-persuaded, and having made

made them promise that it should not injure him in their esteem, he thus resumed his narrative :

“ Fortune, upon my quitting the ——, smiled on me for some time with uncommon kindness ; for, suddenly, like another Midas, whatever I touched turned instantly into gold.” — “ Right,” cried the doctor.

*Tollit humo saxum ; saxum quoque palluit auro\*.*”

“ Pshaw !” ejaculated the parson, and Jerry continued :

“ But happening unluckily one day, by the merest chance, to touch some spoons in my new lodgings, which were hastening to turn into gold, they and I were stopped, my pockets searched, the spoons secured, and I committed to durance vile. Well,

\* He takes a stone, the stone was turned to gold.

CROXALL.

gentlemen,



gentlemen, the consequence was, that I was sent on a voyage that took me up five long and gloomy years. You must not, however, judge too harshly of me for this faux-pas. You never felt the pangs of want, and therefore know not what it is to be tempted to do wrong, to relieve a pressing and present necessity. Philosophers say, that the same causes produce the same effects. If so, who dares affirm, that the judge who tried me, would not have proved himself, had he been in my situation, as great a rogue, and as worthy of being sent on his travels?"

"One trifling circumstance that passed whilst I was confined, is, perhaps, deserving your attention :

"A fellow was brought to Newgate who had stolen a piece of cloth: he was of the sect of Thelwallites; and, having read something

thing of the writings of modern philosophers, would reason away the imputation of robbery in what he had done, declaring, that he had only taken the liberty to use that of his neighbour's of which he was in great need; and that, if they construed this action into any crime, *all our boasted English liberty was at an end!* He would then say, that it was *political justice* to take from another what you wanted, and quote this passage from a famous crazy philosopher of Utopia.

“Were the members of any community sufficiently upright and disinterested, I might supply my neighbour with the corn he wanted, and he supply me with the cloth of which I was in need, without having recourse to *the grovelling and ungenerous method of barter and trade*. We might supply each other for this reason only—because one  
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party had a superfluity and the other a want, without in the smallest degree advertising to a reciprocal bounty to be by this method engendered ; and we might depend upon the corresponding, upright and disinterested affections of the other members of the community, for the being in like manner supplied with the commodity of which we were in want\* :”—adding, ‘ Now this is what I am anxious to bring the world to—these are the principles upon which I desire to act.’—“ And I believe,” said Jerry, “ they are those that every pennyless scoun-

\* This idea, wild as it appears, was once put into execution. It is simply a repetition of a Lacedæmonian institute to be found in the *various writings* of Plutarch. *When any one had what another wanted, he took it without asking the owner's leave.* (Page 141 of Xylander's edition).

But this law of Lycurgus, like the Lacedæmonian black broth, could only be relished in his time, and then by those who had been bathed in the Eurotas.

drel



drel in the kingdom must admire and wish to adopt."

" True enough, indeed," interrupted the doctor, " but the race of Glaucuses is extinct. *Χρυσέα χαλχέων*\* won't do now-a-day. But what became of this fellow?"

" He," replied the other, " met with a worse, but, I think, a more deserved fate than I did—he was sent to Bedlam! And may this part of my story be for ever blotted from your memory!

" My first determination, on my return, was to abandon the muses, ambrosia and Hippocrene, and to get into service, thinking I should thrive better with cook-maids on roast beef and porter.

" The first place I obtained, through the medium of 'an office for servants,' who

\* Gold for brass.

gave me the fairest character imaginable, was with a dramatic writer; the one at which I had often the pleasure of seeing Mr. Le Dupe, and who, as he has observed, was the most consummate plagiarist living; in the act of doing which I had continually opportunities to detect him. He was, indeed, a perfect Bayes; and as I have played that part, I can repeat two of his speeches, which will admirably describe my master in the capacity of a writer.

“ Bayes being asked by Johnson what his rules are, replies :

“ ‘ Why sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or regula duplex, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternative as you please.

“ ‘ SMITH. Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?

“ ‘ BAYES. Why, thus, sir—nothing so easy

easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one: if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it—that is—if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be verse put it into prose.'

" Thus did my master; and, by taking characters and incidents from obsolete plays and old novels, contrived to frame dramatic pieces that met with passable success;—for, to speak truly of him, he was in his business a very good *mechanic*.

" Here I lived exceedingly well for about three months; when, on a sudden, my master left off eating, drank little, slept less, and stuck to his anvil day and night. This naturally alarmed me, and the more, as I could not for the soul of me come at the reason.

" At



“ At length, having eaten up the last morsel of eatable matter the house contained, I could hold out no longer, and determined to know the cause of this extraordinary and unchristian-like fast : further resolving, if my master was doing penance for his sins, to leave him, as I thought I had perfectly expiated mine by my late voyage.

“ Living in chambers, there was, as it is common, an old laundress, who used formerly to come every morning to make the beds and arrange the rooms in order. These offices, however, were now totally abolished, my master always locking the door of his room whenever he made an excursion from home. This the old woman was aware of, and never troubled him with her visits.

“ In my dilemma it soon occurred to me

that she would be a proper person of whom to enquire the cause of this melancholy change in the order of the house. At first she appeared surprised at the several questions I put to her on the subject, and at last burst out into a violent fit of laughter, exclaiming: 'What the dickens! an't you gone yet? Why, he has begun above a week!—' Begun! begun what?' cried I: 'he's left off eating—I know that.'—'Begun what!' she replied: 'why, his next play, to be sure: and high time too, having spent all the money he got for his last. Why, child, he has no idea that you're in the house—he thinks you're gone, and takes no notice of you as his servant if he meets you, but thinks you belong to somebody else in the house.'—'O! ho!' said I, 'is that the case?—Then I shall strike

strike my tent, and beat a march to-morrow morning ; not, however, without asking for my pay.'

" I then quitted the old laundress, and remained at my master's chambers, teasing him for my wages, until I could fast no longer ; and being unable to recover a *sous*, I took pity on him, having been a debtor myself, and left him in peace, to go in search of one who made more use of his ' digestive powers ;' one who paid less respect to ' intellectual pleasures than to sensible ones.'

" Immediately after this I was hired by a caricaturist, with whom I lived pretty well, but whose being over head and ears in debt was the cause of my losing my place. It happened in the following manner :

" It was a custom with all the friends of my new master, when they called on him,



to cough at the same time that they knocked in a particular way at the door, which was a signal that they were not bailiffs. A beef-steak pie having been taken to the baker's one morning, to be ready at two, and the clock having struck, I was in wonderful appetite and anxiety for the baker's approach. Looking out of the window (we lived up three pair of stairs), I saw him coming down the street, presently heard him upon the stairs, and now he knocks and coughs. The door was instantly opened, the pie seized, and the baker dismissed. Having both my hands full, and the dish being very hot, I had no time to attend to the door, which the careless rascal left on the jar; and, the bailiffs ever on the watch, before my master could help himself in rushed a couple of them, and quickly tapp'd the affrighted caricaturist on the shoulder, who at the moment

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ment exhibited himself the finest caricature I ever witnessed.

“ The poor painter was soon spirited away by one of the bailiffs, who told the other to sit down, keep up the fire, and to expect him back as soon as possible.—Off they trudged, and I and the remaining bailiff without any further ceremony began the pie. In a short time the second returned, and we all set-to at my master's part, of which he had some quantity; and, what with talking and singing, but more with drinking, went completely intoxicated to roost. The bailiffs staid here two days, until they had ate and drank every thing there was in the chambers; when it was thought full time to part and depart.”

Jerry was now proceeding with his story, when they were interrupted by a great up-

roar in the kitchen, which interested them more particularly as they heard old Morgan's voice at times lifted considerably above the rest. Sir David, anxious about his man, requested some of them to step and see what was the matter. Upon entering the kitchen, they found Morgan scuffling with a fellow who appeared to be a day-labourer. After they had separated them, they learned not from either of the combatants, but from the landlord, that the person with whom Morgan had been contending was a brick-layer and an Irishman;—that getting by some means or other on the topic of invasion, high words had ensued between them—Morgan being unwilling to yield more honour to the Irish than was due to the Welch for repelling the French. “Pantry Pay!” said Sir David's man, “What did they

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they come to Pantry Pay for? Why, because they could not help it. Look you, the wint trove hur there:—they tit not want your pogs and your potatoes. Put what prought 'em to Milfort-haven, in sweet Pembroke-shire?—what put to ravage the peautiful country of Wales?"—"To *stail* your *shape* there with *bairds* on—what d'ye call 'em?" cried the Irishman. "By my soul now! and that made 'em take a journey over the water to *say* ye. Beside and *be-case*, my honey, they heard you never fought before king Edward pull'd you out of your old oak trees, and gave you a good thwacking; and that you promised then you would never fight again, but that you would live like a *paiceable* people, and get England a young prince of Wales whenever she wanted one. But, 'faith and troth, he was wrong there, for he should have

left that to the Irish—They would have got him such a prince of Wales as none of you never saw.” After this and more intemperate abuse they had gone to cuffs.

Sir David’s supper being now ready, it was taken into the parlour, and Jerry left in the kitchen to pacify the turbulent parties, which it seemed that nothing could effect but a separation. The landlord was therefore applied to, and the Irishman retired. Morgan, however, although he was gone, could not get his Welch blood to run coolly through his veins; and when Jerry was again ordered into the parlour, he was still muttering “Pantry Pay!”

Jerry, having taken his former seat, began to relate the remainder of his story, with which the reader may gratify his ardent longings in the following chapter.

CHAP.

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## CHAP. VI.

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What makes so many authors—an epigrammatic epigraph—an epigram—who can best afford to follow the trade of a dramatist—a character, and the ne plus ultra of puppyism.

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**T**HE bailiffs and I," continued Jerry, "like maggots when they have devoured all the kernel of a nut, left the shell to go and seek a more fruitful habitation: the tipstaffs took their own route; and I, pennyless and hungry, made towards St. James's Park, where, sitting down on one of the benches, I pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write some verses:—a stratagem I had often known to succeed in charming away the



unpleasant sensations arising from the gnawings of an empty belly. Hunger is full of arts."—"True!" cried the doctor: "Πολύ λων——"—"Nonsense!" said Mr. Burley: "what signifies that?—Let the young man go on with his story."

"The effect of my device is, I believe, the reason why so many lazy fellows follow the trade of stringing rhimes together. And it is still further my opinion, that the love of laziness creates more authors than the love of literature.

"As I was writing, without noticing the objects that passed and repassed before me, I was suddenly startled by a loud burst of laughter, and an exclamation, 'Very well!—very good indeed!'—I instantly turned my head, and perceived a friend of my late master's looking over my shoulder, where he had been standing for some time.

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pleased.

‘Why, you’re quite a wit, Jerry!’ said he, alluding to the epigrammatic epitaph I had just been writing, and which he had read.—

‘Do you recollect it?’ interrupted the connoisseur: ‘If you do, let’s have it by all means.’

“‘Yes, I do,’ replied he; ‘but ’tis such a trifle that ’tis scarcely worth repeating. However, you shall hear it. It was on my first master the dramatist, who was, as well as a plagiarist, a notorious liar. It ran thus:

‘Here *lies*——

*In truth* you’ll find beneath this ground

One who ne’er yet *in truth* was found.

Yet none on earth poor Tom deceived;

For, always lying, none believed.

But, strange!

By Fate dispatch’d without his fill,

Below the dog is *lying* STILL.”

Sir David and they were all very much pleased with this epitaph, except Mr. Bur-

ley, who took his pipe from his mouth and grunted out : " Puns, all puns !"

" I confess," said Jerry, " the truth of your insinuation, sir. The lines turn totally on puns ; but I have another I made upon the same person, not liable to that censure, which I will with permission repeat."— This being readily granted, he proceeded : " It was a kind of epigram relating to his great love of pilfering from other authors. These are, I think, the words :

When *Tom* in a coffin was laid safe and sound,

The worms they assembled his body around ;

They ate up his corpus, his hands and his feet,

Reserving his head till the last for a treat.

At length when his noddle collected about,

The worms they *peep'd in*, and the worms they *peep'd*  
out ;

Then look'd at each other with wonderful grief—

Till Sly thus address'd them, a cunning old thief :

" I see what you seek, but you're losing your pains ;

" In vain, my good friends, in that head you seek brains.

" Just



"Just now on the lid of the coffin I read :"

' Herein is confin'd one, of authors the dread,  
' Who, brainless and dull, pass'd with some for a wit,  
' By stealing from others each line that he writ ;  
' And if e'er he mount, sure as fate, if not known,  
' He'll copy the records, and swear they're his own."

" But *à nos moutons\**, as Rabelais says."

—" What do you mean by that ?" said the doctor. " I wish you would leave out your French phrases ; I hate to hear a discourse interlarded with such trash."

Jerry bowed consent, saying, " I merely meant, sir, that I would return to my story.

\* This is a proverb taken from the old French play of *Patelin*, from which the *Village Lawyer* is borrowed. A woollen-draper is brought in, who, pleading against his shepherd concerning some sheep the shepherd had stolen from him, would ever and anon digress from the point, to speak of a piece of cloth which the shepherd's attorney had likewise robb'd him of ; which made the judge call out to the draper, and bid him *return to his muttons*. See note to Rabelais, vol. i.

" The

“ The person who had interrupted me was a gentleman of a ruddy, laughter-loving countenance, and the picture of plenty : To look at him, indeed, would have been almost a dinner for a man who was accustomed to regular meals—a habit not so common in London as the fat and greasy citizen imagines, who, as surely as the clock strikes five, sits down to his two or three courses, concluding that every body else has his dining hour, and believing it a fabrication of the editor to fill the columns of his paper, when he reads of poor wretches having perished through hunger.

“ Such an effect might the appearance of this gentleman have produced on such a man as I have described ; but on me the effect produced was wofully reversed. The sight of him ‘ tore ope my wounds afresh ;’

my

my lulled appetite, roused from the lethargy occasioned by the occupation of my mind, cried out for food in pungent accents; and my bowels heard its voice, and, by their grumbling, seemed full of compassion, and ready to join it in open rebellion. At this crisis, how can I paint the satisfaction conveyed through my ears to my stomach, when the gentleman addressed himself to me in the following manner :

“ ‘ What ! so they have nabb’d the caricaturist ? Well, well, he can draw there, as well as in his own lodgings—he’s no more a prisoner in the one place than in the other. And you, if I may judge from your present employment and that hungry face, are on the pavé—I beg pardon—are at large.’ It appears that no words could have expressed the feelings of my compassionate bowels more loudly and perfectly than



than my countenance. Hunger was personified in my appearance. I was its symbol, type, and image.

“ ‘ Well,’ continued the gentleman, ‘ if I conjecture right, follow me. I’m going home to dinner, where you may dine, and stay, if you like, till you get a better place.’ ”

“ When the manna fell from heaven, the children of Israel did not seize it with more avidity than I did the kind offer that was made me :—I followed him to his house.

“ My new master, for so I may now call him, was a more uncommon character than either of those I had lived with before. But you will allow, that he need not be a very wonderful and eccentric animal, to exhibit a stranger character than a dealer in the fine arts in momentary fear of a spunging-house, or a dramatist picking and stealing from other writers, and existing, like trade winds,

at

at stated periods. And here a circumstance occurs to me, apposite to this eating part of my story, which I heard one night at my first master's, just, I now imagine, after he had received the profits of his piece.

“ He had invited several of his particular friends to sup with him; during which, one of them observed, ‘ D—n it! Tom, I can’t help thinking, from the fare you give us, you’ll spend all the stuff, as you did the last time, and we shall never get you entered of the Temple.’—‘ No, I won’t, upon my soul!’ replied he; ‘ I won’t, indeed; I must absolutely get in there.’

“ I did not rightly comprehend the meaning of these speeches at the moment, but I have since learned that a man entered of the Temple has his commons to eat for a certain time; and it seems that my master’s

ter's friends, who were all dramatists, wished him to enter, that he might, with a little management, secure a dinner every day throughout the year. And thus it is that Templars can better afford to be playwrights than any other men living.

“My new master had, like your humble servant, employed the younger part of his life in business; from which he had seceded, unlike your humble servant, with property sufficient to live on, and therefore to be independent. Few, gentlemen, (and I must moralize here,) few know how to estimate their own abilities. I mistook mine; as did also my master—for none was ever better calculated to preserve a peaceful and honourable course in trade than himself, and none less fitted to support the character he affected—a man of genius !”

“It is just to such persons that the poet alludes.”

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alludes," cried the doctor, "if Mr. Burley will excuse me, when he says,

"Optat ephippia bos ; piger optat arare caballus\*."

He was a man," continued the other, "who never descended from his stilts, but on the commonest subjects spoke with such a pompous display of inflated diction, as to destroy entirely the repose of the risible muscles of his auditors. Ever in search of topics elevated far above the scope of his comprehension, he passed his whole time in an eternal warfare with disquisitions that bewildered him, and hard words that stuck in his throat and almost choked him. On every other pursuit, as well as its pursuers, except that of literature, he looked with ineffable contempt. To learn the sentiments of literary men on the various pub-

\* Thus the slow ox would gaudy trappings claim;  
The sprightly horse would plough——

lications

lications of the day, was his occupation during the morning, running with indefatigable industry to each bookseller's shop resorted to by the self-denominated literati. Here he freely conversed, as well with those to whom he had been introduced, as those to whom he had introduced himself—the latter of which formed by far the greater number—as he deemed all modesty impertinent when an opportunity presented itself of becoming acquainted with a great man, or an author, which he considered as synonymous.

“ The desire nearest his heart was to be thought an author, and, with the assistance of a needy but clever writer, he had so far succeeded as to publish a Tract, by which he had acquired some fame with those to whom he was unknown. This work did not, it may be easily supposed, prove very profitable

profitable to him; for, being his delight, he spent fifty pounds more than he got for it, in advertisements. It was, moreover, printed and embellished with all the splendour of modern literary foppery. By the bye, this practice is carried to such a degree, that books, like coxcombs, have all their worth in their dress. If you hear any one praising a new publication now-a-day, and ask him in what its merits consist, he will describe them thus: Sir, it is printed on Whatman's best wire-wove paper (soft as a glove), the type beautiful, bound in morocco, and, in a word, as elegant and *fasty a thing* as ever was seen.

" Though an author, his ignorance of his brethren, and especially of *belles lettres*, was so extraordinary, that he one day actually asked me whether I had ever read *Bell*; that he had heard much talk of his  
*letters,*



*letters*, but could never meet with them, or, indeed, any of his other works.

“Notwithstanding I had read more, and did read a thousand times more than he himself, yet would he use words and phrases in giving me orders, that I never could find in any English author I had ever met with ; and was therefore often obliged to request an explanation, which he would sometimes give me with an air of superiority mingled with a look of pity and compassion ; at other times, when, I believe, he was himself a stranger to their meaning, he would avoid my question by saying, “He was really ashamed of the profundity of my ignorance.”

His hand-writing also, though he could write like copper-plate, he used to mutilate till it was wholly unintelligible. As he knew I was acquainted with this, I one day took

the

the liberty to ask him his reason for it. He  
 replied hastily : ‘ When did you ever see a  
 man of genius write intelligibly ? Rurige-  
 nous cook-maids, and automatical bankers’  
 clerks may take care of their autography ;  
 but the logical mind has to divide and to  
 subdivide, to connect and to compare,  
 and to rush impetuous into those metaphy-  
 sical regions of intellectual fruition which  
 tender and edulcorate the heart ; and dis-  
 dains to offuscate itself by—by—it disdains  
 it, I say :’ and here he stopped.—I assent-  
 ed silently, and he continued dressing him-  
 self for his morning’s peregrination, in  
 what he called ‘ the sphere of science, and  
 the land of letters.’

“ I was told by a friend of his, who  
 would often joke him on his affectation of  
 literature, but who could never joke him  
 out of it, that when he first commenced  
 the

the character, to look it the better, he had his hair cut off and went without powder but, possessing all the dross without any of the ore, he was scouted in every company and obliged at last to put on a clean shirt occasionally, to wear a little powder, and to dress like a christian, to render himself acceptable or bearable. 'Ah!' interrupted the doctor again, "'twas all in vain—

*'Quid! si quis vultu torvo ferus, et pede nudo,  
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;  
Virtutemne repræsentet moresque Catonis \*?'*

'What's the use of disturbing the matter in this manner?' cried Mr. Burley peevishly—'He'll never have done at this rate—never.'

"I shall not detain you much longer," said Jerry, "for I now draw near to the

\* What! if with naked feet and savage air,  
Cato's short coat some mimic coxcomb wear;  
Say, shall his habit and affected gloom,  
Great Cato's virtues and his worth assume?



end of my story.”—‘*Finis coronat opus!*’  
 exclaimed the doctor, pleased to see the  
 parson displeased, who reprimanded him  
 again, and then Jerry proceeded :—“ How-  
 ever, if you will excuse my vanity, I will  
 here introduce a little impromptu I made  
 on hearing that my master had had his tail  
 cut off. It was this—I imagined that the  
 hair-dresser promised to make a braid of it  
 and that the Tail, on leaving its old pos-  
 sessor, said:

Farewell! thou wilt not get a better in my stead,  
 Tho’ ’twill be hard but I may find a wiser head.

“ So ardent was his wish to be known as  
 a writer, that it betrayed him into the most  
 ridiculous actions. After the publication of  
 the Tract I have noticed, he was never seen  
 without a proof sheet of it (valuable to  
 him as a Sybil’s leaf) in his pocket, which,

while lolling at the bookseller's, he would some times appear to be reading, and at others correcting, as if it was a new performance just ready to issue from the press.

“ The moment at length arrived in which he was to pay dearly for the gratification of his folly. The man who had assisted him in his authorship had made several attacks on his purse, which his gratitude and fear would not permit him to repel; and had at last managed to get him to sign a bond, which terminated in his ruin.

“ I was of course discharged; and he, I since understand, was, after he had sufficiently seen his error, sent by his friends to live in the country, where I hear he is so much recalled to his senses, that, as he is not in the way of seeing a literary man, or a man of genius, he hates to hear the epithets pronounced; and has more than once declared,

clared, that a literary puppy is the most despicable insect in the creation ; and that the affectation and puppyism of literature are less tolerable and more ridiculous than the puppyism of all other puppies in the world."



CHAP. VII.

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A beggar—the necessity of *dressiug-up* the character in every profession—reasons for supposing there is more charity than is generally imagined — the inconveniences a beggar is subject to—Jerry concludes his story.

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“AFTER having been so unfortunate in my three first essays in service, it will not strike you with much astonishment that I should conceive an idea of bending my thoughts towards some other employment. I could easily have obtained a very excellent character, perhaps, from some one of my masters, but certainly from those venders of reputation who had served me so essentially

tially on my return from—from—that is to say, when I first put on the yoke of servitude. But I was determined to embrace a pursuit in life that promised at once to be more lucrative and less burthensome than the occupation of a servant.

“ Amongst the several that presented themselves to my mind, none for a considerable time came unaccompanied by insurmountable difficulties.

“ ‘To take the path of literature to lead me to fortune,’ said I to myself, ‘ would be, *knowing what I know*, the very acme of insanity.’

“ Upon making this observation, I fell into a train of thinking, that brought me, when I least expected it, into the identical harbour for which I was sailing, but without either compass or pilot.

“ ‘ Literature,’ said I, ‘ will never answer

my purpose. *A printer's devil, or a postman,* earns more in a week than most *other men of letters* can realize in half a year. Why, a beggar gets more, and lives better, than half the garret-tenants in the kingdom!—  
 ‘Better!’ continued I; ‘ecod I don’t know whether there are many trades in a town like London to be preferred to that of a beggar!’ In a word, I concluded my reflections with a resolution to turn mendicant, and live on the eleemosynary alms of charitable and well-disposed christians.

“My profession being fixed, there now remained nothing to be done but to equip myself for it with propriety and judgment: for the business of a beggar would go on but poorly, unless he had recourse to the order of his fraternity—a woe-begone face and a ragged coat; and in this particular it resembles most other professions. Who,

for



for instance, would give a fee to a man that did not ride in his chariot, carry a gold-headed cane, and wear a wig, although he might be a much better physician than the doctor who cunningly assumes all the 'pomp and circumstance' of his office? Who, again, would pay tithes to a man that wore a tail and any other coloured coat but black? And so I might proceed to no end. However, as the necessity of kings and beggars, bishops and barbers, doctors of physic and sweepers of chimneys dressing up the character is allowed at all hands, I shall wave any further cases to the point for the present, and pass on to my story.

“ The object I thought most likely to excite charity, and which I at the same time deemed most easy to represent, was a debilitated old man. This I effected by the sale of some of my late master's old coats, with

the produce of which I purchased a wig made of hoary locks, and formed to inspire reverence, which, when on my head, with the assistance of my hat, looked exactly as if it had been my own hair. I then disguised every part of my habiliment, until it had a perfect air of poverty and distress. After this I dirtied my face, whitened my eyebrows, and, taking a stick to support my trembling limbs, hobbled out from an obscure lodging I had taken in St. Giles's, to experience the success of my stratagem.

“ The first day I cleared eight shillings and fourpence. And indeed I very well deserved it, on account of my ingenuity; for not one bird of the same feather did I observe (and I observed them more this day than at any former period) who had plumed himself half so notably as I. I had, in truth, dressed the poor old wretch I wished

to appear so very minutely, that I scarcely ever received a penny without an ejaculation of pity, that a man at my years should be reduced to the necessity of begging about the streets.

“ I pursued this business for some time, often getting more than I did the first day, but never less than five or six shillings; and I believe the *worst dressed* of our order seldom gets less than five; for we were all able enough, though blind and lame, to go into sixty streets in the course of the day; and it must be a very uncharitable street indeed that won't produce a penny.

“ Continually, in the dusk of the evening, have I had sixpences, and shillings even, slipped into my hand by persons who would scarcely let *me* see them do it; and from *this*, added to the *number of beggars* there is, I am convinced that there is



much more charity in mankind than people are apt to imagine \*.

“ However, this calling, like all others, has its drawbacks and inconveniences. I assert it without reservation, that were it not for beadles and parish-officers, few, very few *honest* tradesmen could live so well as a beggar who could give his character a striking effect. But those scoundrels are more severe and exorbitant in their exaction from the profits of an industrious trader in charity, and who by his profession affords such fair opportunities to chris-

\* I would not by this exposure be thought to offer arguments against the custom of giving alms to common beggars; for there may often be a due degree of merit in the object, and, if it be otherwise, always as much charity in the donor. Burke very justly imputed “ inattention to such petitions (petitions of public mendicants for relief) not to the policy of discouraging beggars, but to unwillingness to part with money.”

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tians of going to heaven, than the bawd is from the miserable and hard-earned pittance of those most unhappy of all unfortunate wretches on whose prostitution she thrives and battens. At first a beggar is taken no notice of by these gentlemen; but no sooner do they perceive that you have got into *a good line of business*, than the officer of every parish through which you make your daily transit demands his homage, poundage, fealty, and fine. If you refuse to comply, they either get you sent to the house of correction, or, what is worse, passed on to your own parish—for doing which they receive the reward of praise for having done their duty. But if you accede to their request, they are quite careless about the *reward of praise*, and you are permitted to go on with your work unmolested.

“ On this account, or perhaps more from

being of that unsettled, fluctuating disposition, that would rather change for the worse than not change at all; and having accumulated a small purse, I left my profitable business, in which I had been and lived well on for three months, and resolved to turn strolling player: an idea that my successful deception in my late character had suggested.

“ I soon formed a connection with the manager of a strolling company, who approving of my abilities very readily received me amongst his dramatic corps; and after they had assisted me to spend the little money I had saved, we all set out on our provincial campaign; to describe which, gentlemen, would be to fatigue you with a series of events teeming with poverty and wretchedness, yet, surprising as it may appear, with content and inward satisfaction.



satisfaction. So wonderful, indeed, is the infatuation that possesses the mind of a stage-struck hero! And I do not believe that any of the company, excepting myself, would have changed his situation for that of the most wealthy of his auditors, if it precluded the indulgence of acting, or rather of fuming and fretting.

“ And here, as you are already acquainted with the odd circumstance that first introduced me to you, and put a stop to my theatrical career, I shall terminate my adventures, well pleased at the time I finish to find you all with your eyes open.”

Sir David and his friends having thanked Jerry for the entertainment he had furnished them with, dismissed him to recruit his spirits, and to order the master of the house to wait upon them.

It

It being now late, it was thought proper to retire ; but previous to this it was necessary to give the landlord notice of the horses they should want, and their servants of the hour they desired to be called in the morning.

The master appearing informed them that they might have any number of horses they chose ; and that, as it was then snowing very fast, he would advise them to start early, as an hour or two's snow would sometimes render the roads in that part of the country impassable.

Every thing being thus arranged according to the candid counsel of the host, our travellers betook themselves to rest.

CHAP.

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## C H A P. VIII.

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What happened to sir David and the connoisseur in  
 the middle of the night—a new word—the reward  
 of kindness, or Morgan up to his chin in *free*  
 —Mr. Le Dupe's metallic and natural  
 curiosities—his new reading of half  
 a verse in Virgil to the displea-  
 sure of the parson and the  
 doctor—an anecdote  
 —they enter  
 London.

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No hideous dream, and shrieking bird of night;  
 Disturb their slumber, or their minds affright—  
 But, sunk to rest—sweet rest each sense restoring,  
 They slept like angels sleep—except the snoring!

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IT was customary with sir David at night  
 to keep a lamp continually burning in his  
 room:—a foolish custom, perhaps, to light  
 a lamp to go to sleep by; but, like many  
 other

other customs, by no means the less prevalent on account of its absurdity.

The baronet, however, as he dreaded nothing so much as fire, had always the prudence to dispose of it, for fear of accidents, in the chimney-corner. But to-night Mr. Le Dupe, either through whim, or a real wish to peruse a book he had found in the parlour, placed the candle, after Sir David had got into bed, on a chair by his side, and began to read. Sir David soon discovered the situation of the candle, and, full of apprehension, expostulated with the connoisseur, as a good mother would with her daughter, on the danger it exposed them to, supposing he should fall asleep and the curtains take fire.

The connoisseur contended with Sir David a long time about the *little rush-light*; but the latter affirming seriously that he  
could



could not sleep if he persisted, the other found it absolutely necessary to comply with his wishes. This being done, they quickly experienced a very profound nap, which lasted about two hours, when fir David, either by the blowing of his own horn or the rattling of his neighbour's, awoke, and, partly from the impression Mr. Le Dupe's conduct with respect to the candle had made on his mind, fancied he smelt fire, and actually saw a kind of mist or vapour in the room. Alarmed beyond measure, he rushed out of bed with a determination to ascertain the fact. But on opening the door, what was poor fir David's consternation to find the room in a moment almost filled with smoke, so that he could scarcely discern the candle on the hearth ! Deeming it impracticable to pass down stairs, he roared out lustily, Fire ! fire !! and hastened to the

the window, from which he began to descend with the utmost precipitancy; and having in his hurry neglected all concern about his clothes, soon found himself in his shirt standing up to his knees in snow. Safe, however, from the danger of being burnt to death, he felt no fear for the present of being petrified.

His hooting and bawling had raised the whole house, but more immediately Mr. Le Dupe, who hearing the cry of Fire! and perceiving the condition of the chamber, had only time to take his breeches in his hand, which he always kept under his pillow, and follow sir David.

He had just made his descent with the assistance of the baronet below, when the other two travellers and the host in their night-caps, with two or three maid-servants, appeared in the deserted bed-chamber, which

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which was become pretty clear since the door and the window had been opened.

“What is the matter?” said the host to Sir David and the connoisseur, who stood shivering in the snow; “I hope you have not quarrelled, gentlemen?”—“No, no!” they both cried out together: “The house is on fire, I tell you—Why don’t you make haste and jump out of the window?”

The landlord concluded that they were mad, and no one could tell for some time what they alluded to. At length he went down stairs to let them in; but before they would re-enter, an explanation took place, when it came out that the smell of fire had been occasioned by a great quantity of wood which the maid-servants, getting up in the middle of the night to wash, had used to boil a large copper; and that, neglecting to shut the kitchen-door, the steam issuing from

from it had filled the room with what sir David had taken for smoke, and consequently inferred that the place was on fire.

“ This,” cried the doctor, after hearing the fact—“ this is what I call *ex fumo dare lucem*\*; and I am very glad it has produced no other *light*. I don’t mind what people say about ‘ a blaze being the grandest sight in the world.’ I fancy few ever took much delight in it, when they were obliged to get out of window to see their own habitation in flames.”—“ Come, come,” interrupted the connoisseur, “ this is no time to stand talking about fires and flames, whilst your father and I are shaking as if we had been dragged through Lapland.” Saying this, he ran up stairs as fast as he was able; and sir David, after making the host declare solemnly that the story he had been telling

\* Producing light from smoke.



was true, followed, and slipped once more between the sheets.

It was now three o'clock in the morning when they were all again safe under cover, where they remained till six, the time they had ordered their servants to call them.

Jerry and Morgan were up at five, and had prepared every thing for their masters' departure. These two, having slept in an out-house contiguous to the inn, had heard nothing of the alarm in the night; nor, when it was told with every circumstance attending it, could old Morgan be brought to comprehend rightly what had happened. But he would say, "Got pless hur! the room full of smoke, and fir Tavit in it, what a wonder hur wasn't purnt teat!" And when he was informed that it was a mistake, there was no fire; he replied, "Hur knows petter,

ter, look you—There's no smoke without fire, pless hur heart !”

Every thing being fastened on, the gentlemen took the host's assurance that they would find the snow no impediment ; and having discharged the bill and *paid the taxes*, seated themselves in the inside of the carriage, and Jerry on the out, to whom, he being lightly clad, they had lent a great coat—Old Morgan then mounted his rof-nante, and off they galloped to perform their last day's journey.

Sir David was this morning more than usually talkative. “ More than usually, indeed, he must have been,” I think I hear the reader exclaim, “ if he said any thing ; as I have scarcely noticed an observation or bon mot of his recounted from the moment he left Dynevawr-house.”

But

But let me meet this charge fairly, and state my reason for not repeating the ten thousand things said by sir David. In the first place, almost all his stories, as I have said before, were old and trite; I therefore thought I could not entertain the reader more than by neglecting to relate them. In the next and last place, as sir David was not a man of a very brilliant understanding, and as I consider the writing a history of any number of people similar to the painting of a picture, I fancied, that to have recorded his observations would have been to have blurred the fairness of my design. "*If it has been proved,*" says sir Joshua Reynolds, "*that the painter, by attending to the invariable and general ideas of nature, produces beauty; he must, by regarding minute particularities and accidental discrimination, deviate from* the

*the universal rule, and pollute his canvass with deformity\*."*

This is a sensible and acute remark, and much to my purpose ; but it vexes me to see it enveloped in cloudy words, and rendered unintelligible to common readers, through a hunting after terms and a redundancy of epithet for the sake of producing a high sounding period :—a trick only worthy of that too numerous species of authors who are constrained to have recourse to a pomposity of diction as a substitute for an indigency of matter.

I shall now pass over the remainder of sir David's journey with hasty strides, touching merely on two or three trifling events that occurred in its course, and then bring him, his friends, and the reader, to a scene of greater interest and action.

\* The last six words were written by Johnson.



The baronet, as I just intimated, was this day particularly talkative; and though his stories were seldom worth hearing, yet any one at a distance would have been pleased to see him tell them. Mr. Le Dupe, being the greatest stranger, was in these cases the greatest sufferer. All the baronet's battery was directed against the connoisseur, who, with his anxiety about the wheel, and the other's tugging away at his button (for fir David had changed places with the parson with a view to entertain Mr. Le Dupe), and darting his finger at him every now and then, was in a continual state of restlessness and irritation.

Nothing happened to our party in the first stage of twenty miles, except a little accident, scarcely worth mentioning, which fell to the lot of Old Morgan.

Going across a heath, the old Welchman,

in pure philippy\*, took his horse out of the road, thinking to afford him a passage that might be so much the more agreeable to him, as it would be softer to his feet, and would indeed contribute, he imagined, to enable him to accomplish the long stage they had to perform. And certainly Morgan's good will and prudence deserved a better fate than he experienced.

But I have often remarked that giddy, thoughtless people, though they are for ever in the fire, are never burnt; whilst your

\* This word may not perhaps be very intelligible to all my readers, although most classical and just, and well calculated *sermonem patrium ditare*, to enrich our native tongue, especially that part of it which is used in the vicinity of Alma Mater, namely, Newmarket. It is formed precisely in the same way from the Greek as *philanthropy*, which signifies *loving mankind*, and this, *loving horses*. To derive words *Græco fonte, parce distorta*, from a Greek source, with a slight deviation, says Horace, will always be allowed.

prudent,

prudent, well-meaning folks are constantly getting into some cursed scrape or another.

We often hear of a steady, sober man, who, walking along the street, apparently without a chance of meeting with an accident, has trod on a pea-shell, fell down and broke his leg, or that a chimney falling on his head fractured his skull; at the same time we see an impetuous, hare-brain'd fellow mount a wild, ungovernable horse, and ride over hedges and ditches for a day together, and never injure a limb. But so it is—Fortune is not notorious for favouring Wisdom or any of her children.

To the point.—Morgan was trotting on, picking out the best of the road, when, going over some snow that he conceived to be merely superficial, but which was in reality a large hole completely full, his horse stumbled at the first step, pitched him over

his head, and he sunk immediately up to his chin in *snee*, as the Dutch call it, or, as Locke defines it, in “small particles of water frozen before they unite into drops\*.”

Jerry soon descried the good Cambro-Briton in his “cold and cheerless habitation,” and bawled out to the postillions to stop. Mr. Le Dupe hearing the cry of Stop, stop! concluded very naturally, from the nature of their situation, being on a heath, that they were attacked by highwaymen, and concealed his watch and two rings that he always wore, and which he set great value by, before he discovered his mistake. These rings I must positively give the connoisseur’s account of in this place, lest I should forget it; which would be an irreparable loss to the reader.

\* See Johnson’s Dict.



“ One of them,” he said, “ was a coin dug out of Herculaneum, of the true volcano colour.” The inscription being totally obliterated, he accounted for that with saying, “ That it was occasioned by the bitumen and nitre incorporating with the original ærugo. Some,” he would continue, “ think it is a Hebrew shekel ; others, one of the pence Judas received ; others, a medal of Melchisedeck ; others, Cheop’s inauguration coin ; and others, a four-and-sixpenny piece of Pharaoh :—but I am confidently informed,” added he, “ by the Antiquarian Society, of which I am a member, that it is the identical medallion, noticed so often by writers, which Pythagoras always wore about his neck, and by which he recollected himself throughout all his metempsychoses.

“ The other invaluable,” said he, “ is the right proboscis and left fore foot of the

antipodean spider, as big as life ;" which he had caused to be enclosed in a beautiful crystal, and wore as a ring. I afterwards discovered that Mr. Le Dupe had bought these two baubles of a fellow who, having read an account of two such things in possession of the Society of Virtù at Padua, had got the right proboscis and left fore foot of the largest common spider prepared as described ; and getting some foreign piece of coin, he had erased the inscription, covered it with copperas, and imposed them on the connoisseur, the one as a natural curiosity, and the other as an antique, precious beyond estimation.

But don't let us forget poor Morgan. He was highly pleased to see Jerry coming to his assistance, and roared out, " Got pless hur, Got pless hur, take hur out ! " This he quickly did, and, after beating the snow off

his

his clothes, reseated him on his horse. The connoisseur replacing his watch and rings, they proceeded to the end of the stage without any further inconvenience.

During the time they were waiting for the change of horses, the doctor took Mr. Le Dupe on one side, and entreated that, in case the parson and himself should submit any thing to his decision, he would make use of a verse and a half that he would teach him, which he said he was sure would make Mr. Burley laugh, and offend nobody. "The verses are," added he, "from Virgil, and run thus :

*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites :*

*Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic—*

which will simply signify, That you cannot attempt to decide so nice a point, and that you think we are equally deserving of praise

or reward."—The connoisseur replied, that he should be very willing to oblige him in such a trifle, especially if it would make the parson laugh, a thing he had never seen; but he was sure that he should not be able to repeat so long a quotation correctly. After some parley, it was at length agreed that he should only make use of the half verse, which would answer the purpose almost as well.

Not to trouble the reader with any more dry controversies between the doctor and Mr. Burley, I shall briefly say, that the former soon brought the latter to contradict something he asserted. They contended for some time, and ultimately, as preconcerted, the doctor appealed to Mr. Le Dupe for judgment.

The connoisseur had conn'd over his lesson very often; but having a memory  
full



full of cracks and crevices, one of the words had slipped away; and, instead of saying, “*Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic,*” You are equally deserving of reward—he dropped the *dignus*, and said, *Et vitula tu, et hic;* which bears no other interpretation but this, “You are a calf, and so is he.”

This mistake made them look exceedingly glum, to the great surprise of the connoisseur, who could not tell what they meant; nor was either of them very ready to inform him. To make things worse, though unintentionally, Mr. Le Dupe assured them upon his honour that that was his opinion; and so pleased was he with the nice short Latin phrase which he had now got by heart, that he ever after decided all questions that came before him with “*Et vitula tu, et hic*”—*You are both calves.*

That the connoisseur should be guilty of

this trivial error in uttering a quotation in a language he did not understand, is by no means wonderful ; and it reminds me of an anecdote I once heard of a player, who, like him, had only a few words to remember, with the advantage of their being in English. It was in Richard the Third, where he had solely to say, “ My lord, stand back and let the coffin pass ; ” but he had repeated the line so often to himself lest he should be imperfect, that, when he came to say it, instead of what has been written, he said, “ My lord, stand back and let the parson cough.”

I have now touched on nearly every point that merited notice, and many that did not merit it, in the conversation and accidental occurrences of our travellers on their route to London. One more I shall recount of very little importance, only that it will have the virtue of bringing our journey to a conclusion.

At

At the place where they stopped to dine, they were waited on by a maid-servant with hair so red, that it resembled flaming fire-brands more than the flowing tresses that should adorn the softer sex, and in which they catch their lovers' hearts. To this charm she added a face and form of the coarsest mould. Such an object could not fail to recall to the recollection of the company Mr. Le Dupe's sentiments on women with red hair ; and neither at the inn nor on the road did they spare the poor connoisseur. It served indeed to amuse them until they arrived within five miles of the metropolis, when their thoughts were turned to other subjects ; and about nine in the evening they arrived safe in —— Square, where they were received with real joy by Pernel, and with much apparent good-will by his lordship and lady Julian.

Mr. Le Dupe, conscious of the figure he cut in the Welch wig, before they came to lord Greymont's had begged they would stop at the first stand of coaches; when, hiring one, and saying he would send for his trunks the next morning, he took a cordial leave of his fellow-travellers.

Mr. Burley also, after being informed very politely by lady Julian, that, during the time his friends were there, a cover would always be laid for him, withdrew to lodgings he had by letter secured against his coming.

I shall here leave them to recover from their fatigue; and in the next chapter, when the reader wakes, he'll find me ready to conduct him on to the end—a period most

“devoutly to be wished!”

CHAP.

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## CHAP. IX.

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Love attacks lord Greymont in the head—Lucian  
 accounts for his sufferings—Captain Llanelthy  
 —the army and navy compared—the ef-  
 fect of beauty—symptoms of love—  
 the retort, and where an im-  
 pression was made so  
 deep as not to be  
 erased.

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THE greater part of the next and fol-  
 lowing day was taken up in relating the  
 several adventures that had happened to  
 sir David and his companions on the road ;  
 which the doctor honestly declared, before  
 he began, would take him more than a day  
 to recite ; saying to lady Julian,

O dea !

O dea! si primâ repetens ab origine pergam,  
 Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum,  
 Antè diem clausæ componet vesper Olympo \*.

The reader may easily imagine, from the *excessive delight* with which *he* pursued our travellers through every stage of their journey, that lord Greymont, lady Julian, and Pernel, since the danger was now over, could not but be highly amused with the relation of their various disasters. Nor were sir David and the doctor in the least backward in joining the mirth arising from the narration. The latter, on this account, concluded by observing, “ that they might perhaps wonder he and his father did not

\* Should I, O goddess! from their source relate,  
 Or you attend, the annals of our fate,  
 The golden sun would sink, and ev’ning close,  
 Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.

PITT.

tremble

tremble rather than laugh at a recital of the misfortunes they had sustained ; but, being safe, it is sweet (continued he) as the Greek, and as Virgil also says, to remember past labours."

Lord Greymont presuming that he had made no slight impression on Pernel's heart, from the kindness and urbanity of her manners towards him, had, previous to the arrival of the doctor and sir David, ventured to make to her what any town lady would have instantly denominated *strong love*. But feeling no corresponding passion in her own breast, by which she might discover his lordship's meaning, the artless Pernel could not but consider it as that *harmless gallantry* which lady Julian had told her she must, as a woman of fashion, receive, and treat with the greatest ease and good nature. She therefore heard  
all

all his lordship's professions with heedless levity ; and, instead of blasting his rising hopes with a cold and chilling frown, she, like the sun, unconscious, warmed to life the unprofitable plant within his breast, with smiles that should only have been engaged to ripen the fairest fruits of love.

However his lordship might be flattered by such conduct, and think that his suit was proceeding with every prospect of success, he was still, as it is the nature of all who are in love, uneasy and fearful lest something should happen that might baffle all his expectations. This disturbed his rest, and occupied his thoughts so much as to make him contract a nervous head-ach that constantly teased him, but which he supported with exemplary patience, as he acquired by it the attention and pity of Pernel.

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The ancients believed that love affected the liver, and the moderns think it acts upon the heart; but, in this instance, it seems that it attacked the head; for which I can offer no other reason than that given by Vulcan when he came with a hatchet, according to Lucian, to cleave Jupiter's head, who complained of suffering excessive pain in that part at the time he bore Minerva. As soon as Vulcan perceived the goddess marching forth, he very pleasantly exclaimed—"I don't wonder at your having a pain in your head when you've a woman in it."

Pernel was so innocent of the art of love, and of its effects, that she would readily have confessed she loved the doctor and sir David as well as it was possible for her to love any thing. But the latter was merely an affection springing out of gratitude for  
his

his kindness to her, and which she was so poor an adept in the mysteries of the little god as to call love. And the former, which she honoured with the same title, was simply a tenderness and regard, partly occasioned by the similarity of their ages, and partly from cohabitation, and sir David's anxious desire that she should look upon him as one more dear to her than all other men. His lordship she respected for his politeness and attention, but did not esteem him so much as either the baronet or his son ; and would willingly have dispensed with his love fits, which she rather endured to please lady Julian, and not to be deemed vulgar, than encouraged for her own satisfaction.

A circumstance occurred, however, the day preceding the doctor's coming to town, that went far to open her heart to new sensations,

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fations, and to strike at the root of all the hopes of the rival candidates for our heroine's love.

The person now about to be brought forward has been already mentioned in the outset of this history ; but as he will make a conspicuous figure in its sequel, I shall, before I introduce him, go deeper into his story, for the information of the reader.

The gentleman to whom I allude was Urban Llanelthy, son to the lieutenant, who, notwithstanding his own ill-success on the seas, still retained an attachment to the profession, and thought he could not serve his country more than by rearing a good sailor for its navy. Therefore, whilst he was himself doing his duty at sea, he entreated his kinswoman lady Dynevawr to prevail upon sir David to take his son under his protection, and bring him up to the  
same



same pursuit. This the baronet agreed to with alacrity; and after he had passed the younger part of his days, till he was eight years old, at Dynevawr-house, he sent him to an appropriate school, where he remained five years, and acquired every nautical requisite to constitute a seaman. At this time, his father losing a leg, and being far advanced in years, accepted sir David's bounty, and laid up his hull for life in the cottage before noticed, as being the baronet's gift.

The period being come when Urban was to go to sea, a dispute arose between sir David and the lieutenant about the mode in which he should commence his career. The former would have willingly advanced a sum of money, so great a liking had he taken to Urban, to have obtained him a superior post in the ship; but this his father

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absolutely refused to consent to, even if it could have answered the end proposed.

“ What ! ” said he with warmth, “ shall an inexperienced boy be put over the heads of veteran tars ? No, never while that boy is my son shall he so disgrace himself and stigmatize the British navy. To the infamy of the army,” continued he, “ I am confidently informed that children from their horn-books, and just escaped from their leading-strings, without a possibility of having seen or being able to endure service, are at once made captains and lieutenant-colonels. But I will not think nor allow that the navy is so dishonoured. There may be officers who are no soldiers ; but there never was in the remembrance of any one an admiral who was no sailor. Yet, with all this, I have practical knowledge of the necessity of interest to ensure promotion ;  
and

and as you appear to take the lad's success to heart, you shall have my best thanks for any thing you may do for him after a due number of voyages as a common sailor (for so he *shall* go) have made a good seaman of him."

To this effect spoke the honest old lieutenant ; and no arguments used by the baronet or his family, who were all fond of Urban, and pitied him for the hardships he seemed to be about to suffer, could relax or shake his resolution. All he would do was to beg a friend of his, a captain on board one of his majesty's ships, to give a *sharp lock-out* after his boy, and see that he did his duty. He then, after giving him much good advice, and seriously lamenting that he was not going to sail under himself, packed him off for Portsmouth, and very soon had the pleasure to hear that his good  
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behaviour and manly conduct had gained him the affection of his officers and the whole ship's crew.

I shall now be brief in my account of the successful progress he made, through his own merit, added to the assistance of sir David, who, by advancing money which the lieutenant knew very well where to bestow, obtained for him, by the time he was two-and-twenty, the station of a captain of a sloop of war in the Mediterranean fleet.

He had been in several very spirited actions, after which he had never failed to receive the thanks of the admiral for his activity, and was constantly recommended to the lords of the admiralty as a very deserving young officer. He was just returned from a cruise, in which he had taken a prize of some consequence, which occasioned his presence in London, where he had  
been



been about a week before the arrival of lord Greymont, and was in daily expectation of being made a post-captain.

Anxious to hear of his parents, for whom he entertained the most filial affection, as well as of sir David, whose kindness had filled him with the liveliest esteem, he instantly, on his coming to town, repaired to a friend's house to enquire after their health. And here he was informed that sir David and part of his family were shortly to be in London on a visit to lord Greymont, with whom Urban was acquainted, as he had also contributed his interest to procure him the promotion he enjoyed.

Having received this intelligence, although he intended to seize the earliest opportunity of visiting his family, he resolved now to wait until sir David's arrival; and, at the same time that he paid him

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him his proper respects, to learn from him a more particular account respecting the health and happiness of his parents, whom he had not seen for some years, owing to his occupation and the great distance they lived from town.

In this mind, and eager to see his friends, he had called at his lordship's a day before the baronet had perfected his journey, where he met with Pernel, his old play-fellow when a child at Dynevawr-house. She received him with every mark of affectionate joy, and more indeed as a relation than as a stranger or a friend. Six or seven years had elapsed since they had met; but she had often heard of him from his father, to whom he had written, and had sincerely rejoiced at his rapid good fortune.

Seven years after thirteen make a wonderful change in the appearance of youth.

They had in Pernel produced an augmentation of charms scarcely conceivable. That face, which Urban often in the playful innocence of youth had kissed, and was delighted to look on though he knew not why, now appeared to his sight in its meridian splendour; and he was at present a more competent judge, and well aware *why* he took a pleasure in gazing on it.

I said that "he delighted to look at Pernel when he knew not why;" and any one with a moment's reflection will allow the truth of this observation. Beauty has its attractions with children incapable of reason, and even with the brute creation. A dog will trust himself to a stranger with a pleasant good-natured face, when he will avoid a man with a scowling brow or an ill-favoured visage. This hourly experience will confirm.

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Urban was at this time, having grown considerably, nearly six feet in height. His features were large, but regular; his countenance, which was of a ruddy brown, occasioned by an exposure to the air and sun, ingenuous and prepossessing to a degree; and, added to a figure more than commonly manly, and an engaging address, he possessed a disposition the most ductile, friendly, and benevolent.

Such was the person who had held a long tête-à-tête with Pernel (lord Greymont and lady Julian being out when he called) the morning preceding the day in which the doctor and sir David made their entrée into London.

Pernel was that morning adorned in an elegant undress, which lady Julian had purchased for her; and as, without the aid of paint, she exhibited on her cheeks the



finest bloom of spring, so did her breath resemble the odour with which the blossoms of the spring impregnate the air after a gentle shower: or, in other words, she looked as if Cupid, like a bee, had wandered through the garden of beauty, and, sipping from every object a charm, had hastened and poured forth all his store on her.

The time slipped away imperceptibly, while they were employed in recollecting and bringing to each other's remembrance the pleasures and amusements of their early days. After ten minutes conversation they were as free and as unconstrained as if they had never parted; and both related, without reserve, what had passed since their separation.

Pernel listened with fear and trembling, though she saw and knew he had escaped unhurt; whilst the gallant youth described

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the dangers of the ocean, and, with a warmth becoming a seaman, “ the hero of his tale ” recounted the actions in which he had shared the glory, danger, and reward. Her eyes were fixed on his as he spoke; and her breast heaved, her eyes sparkled, and her face glowed, as his descriptions became more animated; whilst his ardour and feeling furnished him with language and action that gave almost a substance to the deeds he did but talk of.

Once or twice he checked himself, and would have desisted from troubling her with a recital of his own enterprises; but she as often begged he would proceed, and he read in her manner, with secret satisfaction, that she really loved to hear him

Tell o’er the tale he lov’d himself to tell.

And when he concluded, Pernel, unac-

quainted with the cause that made her say it, would fain have persuaded him to relinquish the sea and its numerous perils.

“ Would you,” said the generous tar—

“ would you have me quit a profession in which I may serve my country, to live a life of sloth and indolence? No, no; I’m sure you would not. You have more regard for my honour, and would repine to see the laurels I have won withering on my brow.”

—“ I should, indeed,” replied Pernel earnestly; “ and I know not how I could think of wishing you to desert so fair a prospect—But, suppose you should lose an arm or a leg; what a pity it would be!”

“ Let’s hope not,” said Urban; “ let’s hope not. I love the sea, I own; but I don’t like fighting more than others, nor do I care how soon the war’s at an end. Yet when I do meet with the enemy, I go to it with

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with as good a heart as any body ; and if I were to drop an arm or a leg then, I should know that it was lost in the performance of my duty, and, being no disgrace, I should not grieve much about it ; nor do I think Pernel would hold me in less esteem."

In such-like discourse they passed two or three hours before they were interrupted by the return of lady Julian ; who complimented Urban on his success ; and, imagining that his stay in town would be short, gave him an invitation to their house whenever he was disengaged. In this she was presently undeceived by Urban, who let her ladyship know that his ship was in dock refitting, and that he should not, in all probability, put to sea for four or five months ; in which space he intended (he said) to visit his father and mother, and that the remainder



of his time should certainly be devoted to sir David, his family, and her ladyship.

After promising to dine with them the next day, he took his leave, but not without saluting Pernel, which he thought no improper liberty with one whom he knew so well, and had not seen for so long a time.

He was scarcely gone when lady Julian, smiling, said, "Methought you were not very backward when captain Llanelthy offered to salute you, Pernel!"—"No," she replied; "why should I? We, you know, are such old friends: beside, you recollect, my lady, that you told me never to shun such *harmless gallantries*."

The truth is, that, in the purity of her heart and affection, she had, without the least guile, met him more than half way  
when



he had taken her hand to bid her good morning, and kissed him as if he had been her brother.

Pernel's sensations after Urban had left the house, were such as she had never felt before; and, being unable to give them their true appellation, she actually thought, for the moment, that they were merely occasioned by the joy she had experienced at seeing her old playmate after so long an absence. But his appearance at present, and the remembrance of their former friendship, had made an impression on her heart (a heart most formed for love, and till then unoccupied), which all lord Grey-mont's and the doctor's assiduity had never effected—nor, being doubled and trebled, was likely to erase.

## C H A P. X.

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Fashionable life—the opera—an anecdote of insanity—painting not only injurious but wicked—how sir David manages to keep fashionable hours—the feminine appearance in men and the masculine appearance in women accounted for—pleasures only to be truly tasted by those who love—lady Julian's reflections.

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THE usual ceremony being over, lord Greymont and lady Julian had begun to indulge in all the kill-time amusements that the town afforded, and that they or their friends could invent. Pernel was soon involved

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involved in the vortex of pleasures that presented itself before her in the most alluring form. In a word, if I except churches, no place of public resort had not been visited, or entered on their tablets “to be honoured with their company” the first vacant moment.

At two they rose, swallowed their tea, went shopping in Bond-street, rode in the Park, returned at five, dressed by seven, and dined. At nine, the ladies to be attended to get the vapours, perhaps, over the last act of a new comedy; from thence to the opera; afterwards to my lady Stewem’s rout—drop in “How d’ye do?” then away to fir Syllabub Sinfonia’s concert; and so on till they found themselves at four, or half past four, in their chambers, as helpless as infants, and in need of ladies’ maids and valets to put them to bed.

But so great is the force of example, and so few venture to think for themselves, that a third of this immense town will move through all these circles in a day ; and, because the world gives it the appellation of fashion, fancy they lead a life of *ease* and *pleasure* ; when, in reality, no mill-horse, in the rounds he is obliged to perform in the course of his daily labour, suffers half the fatigue and ennui these butterflies sustain and call it sport. Give but the name of pleasure to any act, let it be to heap Ossa on Pelion, and the obsequious crowd will perfect the task ; and you shall not hear one murmur or groan beneath his burthen.

How often have I observed persons at the opera applauding and vociferating, O che allegrezza ! O che gusto ! O che musica ! stupenda, stupenda—da capo—da capo ! apparently from the delight they experienced



experienced in hearing the singing, but in truth merely to frighten Somnus from their eyelids, who would otherwise most certainly have betrayed them into a fit of yawning, or a nodding of the head significant of drowsiness, which would infallibly have made them liable to the accusation of vulgarity ; as to gape at an opera is to give the lie to the received opinion in the fashionable sphere, that it is one of the most enchanting and delectable entertainments in the creation. Therefore it is that those anxious to profit by its continuance, and the beau monde who take their colour from each other, and who are ever ready to praise what they do not understand, censure with the greatest severity the conduct of persons who, willing to be thought pleased and not bored by the opera, but whose patience being exhausted, are obliged to confess  
with

with the frogs, " that it may be sport for you if you can think so ; but, without sleeping, it is little short of death and purgatory into the bargain for us to sit it out : "—the latter, as they imagine that it evinces a refined taste, and the former through fear of losing all prospect of gain, if common sense should be exercised to seek into the real cause of such an effect. However, should the pit at the opera haply for two or three nights indulge their inclination and fall into a profound nap, the bubble would burst, and the whole house join heartily in a chorus infinitely more worthy of rational animals, than to be found listening with affected ecstasy to the unnatural squeaking and unmeaning nonsense of an Italian opera.

So wonderful indeed is the power of the imagination over the senses, and so easy is it to deceive ourselves, that I was once confidently

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dently informed by a very respectable physician, that, having a lunatic under his care who was immoderately fond of punch, which he had been used to drink constantly in a summer-house near his residence where he was now privately confined, it was found absolutely necessary, to keep him quiet, to take him to this place, and to put a large bowl before him, which they assured him was filled with his favorite liquor, but which actually contained nothing more than water. "Firmly convinced that it was punch, he would drink of it," said the gentleman, "until he fancied himself so intoxicated that he was obliged to be carried to the house, when he fell asleep as if quite overcome with liquor." Such is exactly the case with those who could not live from the opera; they are lunatics of the very same description: taught  
to



to believe that an opera is the most exquisite of all sublunary things, they go and die away with rapture at what they only want the return or use of their reason to view in the light of an imposition which had been produced by the connivance of a kind of insanity.

Poor Pernel was bewildered with this ceaseless revolution of scenes of novelty and pleasure. What with dressing and racketing about from one place to another, she had scarcely time to think or reflect on what she saw. It carried more the appearance of a dream or enchantment than reality. It was a dream, however, that she did not desire to wake from—it was an enchantment she did not wish to break: for in every round she took in the magic circles of pleasure she was accompanied by her attendant genii, who  
afforded



afforded her perhaps more certain delight than all the varying images that passed in review before her.

Mrs. Minshall, who with her husband was now continually at his lordship's, was in the small number of those whose company could add a charm, in the eyes of Pernel, to the most brilliant society. Their affection for one another increased in proportion as each day discovered the worthy qualities and virtues of their minds. Their friendship arose from the purest principle; and so equable were their tempers and dispositions, that each might in the other be said to love herself.

Though Pernel had the greatest regard for lady Julian, yet she could not entertain that tenderness for her which she felt for Mrs. Minshall. Notwithstanding the numberless insinuating properties in lady Julian, there

there was in her deportment and manner a majesty that was rather calculated to inspire reverence than love. And of this demeanour her ladyship never wholly divested herself, even with her best friends; thinking, without doubt, that it would be the means of preventing suspicions of her conduct, and preclude any attempt at too great a familiarity; yet would it appear in her as if it was natural, and not assumed.

Mrs. Minshall, on the contrary, had a countenance beaming with benevolence and good nature, tempting every one almost at first sight to make her bosom an asylum for all their cares, and to assure themselves that they should gather relief from her commiseration. In the next place, her age corresponded so nearly with Pernel's, the former having scarcely the advantage of two years, when there was nearly the difference  
of

of sixteen between our young heroine's and that of lady Julian. To strengthen further the ties of amity betwixt them, Mrs. Minshall was within a very little of being as great a novice in the amusements they were now enjoying as Pernel. Like her, with a natural prepossession in favour of a tranquil life, she was hurried from one pleasure to another, without having a moment to consider of the past or to look forward to the future. She had not even as yet contracted the vicious habit of painting, so detrimental to beauty; a thing that for ever makes an ordinary visage more disgusting, and in a very short time ravishes all the lovely accomplishments of nature from the fairest face. Moreover, women are not aware, mayhap, that when they think by stuccoing their faces to make themselves look like angels, they are committing no less a sin than



than breaking the second commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor *the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above.*" This part they assuredly break, by attempting to make to themselves the faces of angels; and afterwards, by worshipping them as they do day and night in their looking-glasses, they act in open defiance of that portion of the decalogue, which again says, "Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them." Such is the fact; and I have only to add, that, however Heaven may in its mercy forgive them, I never will for thus abusing themselves.

To have one's senses confused with a variety of objects and scenes, is what the world calls pleasure—and notim properly—for, to have the mind occupied in such a manner as to have no time for reflection, and to produce

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produce as it were an alienation from one's self, must be with many men a treat that well deserves some such appellation as they bestow upon it.

It was on this account that lady Greymont rushed into all kinds of extravagant amusement, making our young friends share them with her, deeming that the best mode by which she might hope to bring about the purposes she had in view.

After noticing Mrs. Minshall as contributing so much to the happiness of Pernel in all their parties, I must not forget one whom she held in full as high an estimation, and whose absence was always a subject of regret. I mean our sailor, Urban Llanelthy, who according to his engagement had dined with lord Greymont, the day following fir David's arrival in town, when he was received with great cordiality and esteem by  
the

the baronet, who, having been his first patron, exulted inwardly at hearing the prospect he had of further promotion. The doctor also met him in the most friendly manner, notwithstanding they had been inveterate enemies in their youth; for Urban being by far the finer lad, and having a kinder disposition, had constantly shared a greater number of favours. But they were now no longer boys, and laughed at their childish quarrels. Mr. Burley, who dined with his lordship as often as he was able, like the rest expressed great joy at Urban's success. But happiest of all perhaps was poor old Morgan, who had known him from his cradle, nursed him and Pernel on his knee, and

“Carried *them* on his back a thousand times.”

The good Welchman no sooner saw him than he burst into tears, and could not for  
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some minutes utter a word, or see for weeping the friendly hand that Urban offered him. At length, getting the better of his feelings, he spluttered out a long list of former events, calling to the other's remembrance the friendship he had for him in his youth, which he rejoiced to find no more diminished as he grew older than he might reasonably expect.

Sir David, though he could manage, by the means of a hearty breakfast long before any of the folks were up, and by breakfasting again with them when they did get up, to wait till seven for his dinner, yet nothing could prevail upon him to rise from table while any body remained to sit with him. The same was often the case with the doctor; therefore the pleasure of attending the ladies generally devolved on Urban, who executed



cuted it for many reasons with the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Le Dupe, when he dined there, which happened about four times a week, would often assist in the ceremony; and, if it was an opera night, would rarely let the ladies eat their dinner, pretending so great an anxiety to hear the Banti in her last new bravura. Sometimes he would even declare that he would go without them; and I believe he might have put his threats into practice, but that he had too much regard for the half-guinea he saved by going with lady Julian in her own box.

Pernel, it may be easily supposed, after lady Greymont had whispered it amongst her acquaintance that she was an heiress, was not without her admirers. The insects buzzed round indeed in swarms; and as she encouraged no one more than another, they

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were all permitted, at a certain distance, to frolic in the rays of her beauty ; but, though warmed, not noticed by the luminary itself.

It is a wonder to me that any woman can take delight in these flitting insects miscalled men ; and I have often been surprised, on the contrary, to see men enamoured of beings so masculine that they also seemed to be miscalled women. Lactantius, describing what must not be written in English, says :

Cum forte in lævam uteri partem masculinæ stirpis semen inciderit, marem quidem gigni opinatio est : sed quia sit in fœmineâ parte conceptus, aliquid in se habere fœmineum supra quam virile decus patiatur \*.

And vice versâ. I therefore once thought of making a table, for the sake of nice distinction in the following manner :

\* Lact. de Op. Dei, cap. 12.

*Unfortunately mislaid.*


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RIGHT.	=	LEFT.
—		—
Miss Cecilia Hobart		Jack Lenox
ought to have been		ought to have been
Roger Hobart,		Miss Louisa Lenox,
&c.		&c.

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Thus, amidst innumerable enjoyments, and attended by those most dear to her, did Pernel pass her hours in uninterrupted happiness. Perhaps I should not say *uninterrupted*, as there were moments when she would sigh, but without knowing the cause; and being hurried the next into some new gratification of the senses, her sighs were forgotten with a tacit wonder how they could have arisen.

There are in the conversation of lovers some little phrases, and in their society acts apparently

apparently trivial, which have the sweetest effect on hearts softened by love, and are always the accompaniments or offspring of unaffected passion.

I may perhaps be thought by some to refine too much ; but those who have known what it is to love, will exculpate me from the imputation of being metaphysical. For example then—Suppose one is in want of any thing, which the other seeing, with earnestness says “ Take half of mine ! ” There is something in the word *half* which I think truly captivating. “ Take half ”—What can convey a more endearing meaning ? Giving or offering the whole would lose all its charms ; for, in such case, one might be apt to imagine that the offerer either wishes to get rid of it, or is indifferent about it.

In act—Drinking out of the same glass

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has



has the most pleasing effect. It seems to say,  
 " Whatever fortune pours into your cup  
 of life, let it be fair or cross, I'll taste, I'll  
 share it with you : " or, according to Ben  
 Jonson,

Touch the cup but with thy lip,

I ask not then for wine.

These and such-like attentions as these  
 between Pernel and Urban had not escaped  
 the lynx-eyed watchfulness of lady Julian.  
 She had observed them, it is certain, and  
 regarded them as a happy omen. For,  
 knowing sir David's resolution, with which  
 Urban was not yet acquainted, she was well  
 convinced that all his thoughts of Pernel,  
 if he entertained any, would be ultimately  
 frustrated by the baronet's veto. And as to  
 the impression he might make on Pernel, she  
 conceived that that would only tend to re-  
 move the doctor from her heart, and, as the  
 other



other could not succeed, to open an easy passage to his lordship's professions. Nor would she have treated their close conversation so lightly, but that she fancied she saw a future benefit in it, and found that she enjoyed a present one in having a gallant young sailor constantly in her train, for whom she felt some degree of passion, but no love. Love indeed had long deserted her ladyship's breast, and her heart knew "no touch of it." The passion she experienced for Urban, as she despaired of nothing, she hoped that time might fructify without any risk to her personal reputation. To marry him never entered her mind; for, being ambitious to an excess, she could not stoop to think of any thing less than a title.

She had secured the baronet, she thought, if all her other strings failed, of which she had no small quantity, as she yet bore the bell

in most circles: and fir David, by the way, was very easy about the matter, thinking, from her great attention to him, that he might have her whenever he chose to propose the match, which was indeed a principal cause of his delaying it.

And here we shall see, in the vulgar saying, "the fallacious reckonings of people who reckon without their host."

CHAP. XI.

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Novels—the author very naturally praises and  
prefers his own plan of writing—a toast—  
its effect on Urban—an interview  
and other things of no  
great consequence.

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AS there are no two faces identically alike,  
so are there, according to Cicero, as many  
minds as men. I once heard a Bacchanalian  
observe, that some people get intoxicated  
three or four times a day; “but for  
my part,” said he, “I think twice quite  
sufficient.” So it is with writers: some will  
write a novel in seven or nine volumes;  
but I, like the toper, and I dare say not  
K 4 very

very dissonantly from the opinion of the reader, imagine that two or three are enough in all conscience, both for any one to read, and any one to write.

It is not proper for me, however, to give advice in these cases, or to insist upon my mode being the most endurable, and likely to meet with favour: I shall not attempt it. But I cannot avoid thinking, that those who eke their novels out to seven or nine volumes, are frustrating the end they would accomplish. Such productions, though in the guise of a novel, must rather scare the light readers they are intended for from venturing an attack, than entice them to the encounter. Suppose, for a moment, that these nine volumes were printed in two, they must of course be folios; and what novel-reader ever looked on a folio without the greatest abhorrence and disdain? *Pour*

*moi,*



*moi*, I could get through Locke with much more pleasure.

Some there are (to proceed as I began), who, admitting no solution of continuity in their story, deny any place of rest to their *compagnon du voyage*, the wearied reader; others prefer dividing their volumes into chapters, and of that number I am. And as I would willingly say something in support of this system, I am sure I cannot do it more agreeably than by making use of the words of one of the first novel-writers this country has produced.

“ There are,” says he, “ certain mysteries or secrets in all trades, from the highest to the lowest, from that of *prime-ministering* to this of *authoring*, which are seldom discovered unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of di-

viding our works into chapters to be none of the least considerable.

“Now, for want of being truly acquainted with this secret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing we mean only to swell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several places, therefore, in our paper, which are filled up with our chapters, are understood as so much buckram, flays and flay-tape in a taylor’s bill, serving only to make up the sum-total; but, in reality, the case is otherwise—and in this, as well as other instances, we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own. What are the contents prefixed to every chapter but so many inscriptions of the gates of inns, informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which if he like not, he may travel on to the next? And in these inscriptions

scriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promises you one thing, and gives you another—nor some *title-page authors*, who promise a great deal, and produce nothing at all.”

The same author adduces other good reasons to establish the preference due to this order of composing, but which I thought unnecessary, after what has been said, to convince the reader that I have chosen the best model, if I have not used the best materials to contribute to his amusement. The latter period of the observations just quoted, he will also observe to be peculiarly applicable to my conduct in relating the present history, with which I shall now proceed.

Urban's continual intercourse with Pernel, who had charms both of mind and body sufficient to inflame the coldest breast,



could not but affect, in the most lively manner, a heart even in childhood warmed by mutual friendship and esteem. Every interview he had with her produced in him an increase of admiration of her worth, and consequently an augmentation of that love the numerous assemblage of graces she possessed had first inspired.

He saw, with the greatest delight, the pleasure she took in his company, and guessed the cause with more truth than even Pernel herself. He had often held long conversations with her on the subject; but it was with his eyes, those intelligible telegraphs of the heart, for his tongue had not yet ventured to lend its assistance, or dared to talk of love: he had often too contemplated in private on the difference of their fortunes, and considered whether sir David, whom he would as soon think of disobeying



as his father, might not object to the match : but, with respect to the baronet, he thought him so much his friend, that he would prove no impediment to his hopes, when a few more successful voyages had, viewed with the magnifying eyes of love, made his fortune in the sight of Pernel equivalent to her own.

Whilst enjoying this series of thinking, he one day dined at his lordship's ; and, after dinner, some gentleman proposed (the doctor being absent) to drink " Happiness and prosperity to Pernel and the baronet's son ! " The toast being drunk in a bumper, the conversation turned on their marriage, which sir David affirmed to be in as fine forwardness as he could desire :—and here Urban heard for the first time, as a thunder-clap, a circumstance, the veracity of which, coming from whom it did, he had  
no

no room to doubt. Either through delicacy, or on account of some other feeling, Pernel had never dropped the least hint of this affair in his presence, and to be informed of it now was as mortifying as it was unexpected. Had he known it some weeks before, he might have been more upon his guard, and avoided the fair temptation; but to hear it now, was to hear the drum beat to arms when the ramparts were scaled and the citadel on fire.

As sir David was still dwelling on his favourite scheme, Urban, unable any longer to remain without discovering how much it affected him, left the room; and telling the servant to say, if he should be asked for, that he had suddenly recollected an engagement of consequence, and should not have it in his power to return that evening, he hastened to his lodging, where he continued  
for

for some time in a perfect state of stupefaction. At length, rousing himself from his insensibility, he gave way to the most unbounded affliction:—"Are all my hopes lost, for ever gone?" he cried. "Alas! I have no room to doubt it.—How do I love her!—Do I?—Then why should I repine at her happiness?—She has consented to the marriage, and all should be well!—But can I live without her? Ah no! I know I cannot.—Have her I must!"

As he uttered these last words, sir David came across his thoughts, and appalled him more than ever did a host of foes—His rashness was checked, and, covered with a blush of shame and confusion, he added, "And am I of so base, so unthankful a nature, as to conspire against his will, and make him my enemy, who has never done me wrong, but, on the contrary, treated  
me



me with goodness, and loaded me with bounty ? If I am now aught in the scale of society, who lent his hand to raise me there ?—My father too ! what would he say to such a conduct ?—he whose honest heart o'erflows with gratitude to sir David for his protection to his son ; who never sees me without an admonition to think constantly of his generosity to us all ; but to me the most of all !—for, can he shew a kindness to my parents, and not accumulate the debt I owe him for his benefactions to myself ?”

In this perturbed state of mind and in such-like reflections he passed the night, and rose the next morning undetermined in what manner to proceed. Sometimes he would give it all up for lost, and dream of being unhappy for ever ; but oftener would he deceive himself with his wishes, and strengthen them by the affection for him



him he thought he had once seen so evident in all the actions of Pernel.

Thus wavering and unsettled, he was several times on the eve of going and unburthening himself to Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, (to the former, because they were on terms of the greatest friendship—and to the latter, on account of her tender regard for Pernel,) thinking they would temper his conduct, instruct him how to act, and perhaps give him hopes he thought not of, as they most likely had long known every particular of the approaching event that gave him so much uneasiness.

However, before he went to them, he resolved to let one day more pass over his head, and in that to have his fears confirmed or relieved: he therefore deemed it best to attend upon his lordship, lady Julian, and sir David, as usual, and to conceal

ceal as much as possible any chagrin that might appear in his countenance.

Having dressed himself, about three he called at his lordship's, and was ushered into a room, where he was at first startled to find Pernel alone, waiting for lady Julian, who always spent half an hour longer at her toilette than Pernel; which we can only account for by supposing that the latter required less *making up*.

“ So, so,” cried Pernel the instant she saw him, “ you are a pretty gentleman, indeed, to run away and leave us! Here we were obliged to remain a full hour longer than we wished, for want of a beau to escort us. Do you ever hope to be forgiven?”—  
 “ I should not, indeed,” he replied, “ but that I left word with the servant, that business I had not before thought of . . . .”—  
 “ And which you never should have thought of!

of!—Come, come, make no excuses, but throw yourself on my mercy; that is, sit down here (pointing to the sofa she was sitting on), and say you are very, very sorry, and will never do so again!”

Urban accepted the invitation, and, being now seated by her side, said, regarding her earnestly, “I do confess my misconduct; but at the same time permit me to express some surprise that you should complain of being without a beau:—the doctor—the doctor, you know, could not, certainly would not, refuse your commands!”

The latter part of this speech was spoken with an emphasis, and accompanied by a look, that brought a sudden blush on the cheek of Pernel, which she was as unable to suppress as she was innocent of the  
cause



cause that produced it. Urban, during her embarrassment, proceeded :

“ And *he* would certainly have been a more worthy and acceptable attendant !”

“ Who told you so, Urban ?—Did I ever tell you so ?”

“ No, thank heaven, never !—But I have heard, Pernel——”

“ Heard ! heard what ?”

“ What drives me almost to despair—  
for I love you with all my heart !”

“ That is what I hoped, believe me, Urban ! I would not it were otherwise for the world.”

“ But you cannot return my love ?”

“ Indeed I can ;—and I tell you frankly, I know no one that I love better than yourself.”

“ What ! not fir David’s choice ?”

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"No, truly, I don't think I do—nay, I'm sure I don't."

"But you must marry him?"

"Yes, so sir David says—but that won't make me love him the better, you know."

Urban was pursuing this curious conversation, in which Pernel had constantly used the term *love*, from her slight and recent acquaintance with that passion, instead of friendship, when lady Julian entered the room, and summoning them both to attend her in the carriage to call on Mrs. Minshall, according to custom, and to pay a few morning visits, Urban was obliged to defer any further satisfaction for the present.

## CHAP. XII.

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A letter—the metamorphosis of the Temple of Bacchus  
 —an advertisement for a wife—comments on it  
 —why general lovers are like silk-worms,  
 and married folks like glow-worms—  
 Morgan loses himself—what will  
 kill a giant—a certain  
 cure for love—Ur-  
 ban visits his  
 father.

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“GOD bless me,” said sir David, “what a strange woman!—A chapel! She’s certainly crazy—she must be crazy.”——“Crazy! who, my dear sir?” interrupted Pernel entering the breakfast-room, which sir David was pacing to and fro with a letter in his hand.

“Who?”

“ Who ? why, what do you think of—  
but I won’t tell you till you are all met ;  
and then you shall read *this*, and satisfy  
yourself.”

In a short time lord and lady Greymont  
and the doctor made their appearance ; and,  
when seated, sir David put the following  
epistle into his son’s hand, desiring him to  
read it for the good of the company.

“ TO SIR DAVID DYNEV̄AWR.

“ From my Cabin, Thursday, 3 o’clock  
P. M. Lat. 53 deg. 30 min. N.  
Long. 2 deg. 10 min. W.

“ DEAR COUSIN,

“ **THOUGH** but a bad sort of a penman,  
yet as you gave me orders to look after the  
crew you left behind, and to see that all  
your tackle was kept right and tight, I can’t  
help sending you a dispatch, to let you  
know



know that Mrs. Martha has taken the command upon herself, and turned every thing keel upwards.

“ You had not failed above two days before Joe the gardener came down to my cabin, and gave me to understand how matters were going on above board. I weighed anchor instantly, and bore up right a-head to Dynevawr-house as fast as my wooden leg would carry me. I got through the fore-court under easy sail—I then tacked about, and, scudding up the gooseberry-walk, shifted my sail, and was alongside of ’em before they had time to man a gun. Shiver my timbers! what do you think I found ’em at? Split my wind if there was not a gang, with Mrs. Martha at the head, working away at the temple which was built for us to take our grog in. Before I came up to ’em they had completely dismasted it,  
and



and taken all the rigging out. The Bacchus is gone, and something else put in its place. All the paintings from stem to stern, and all round, are daub'd over with white-wash; and the writing which the doctor put in the front is rubbed out, and some other gibberish substituted, which I understand no better than the former.

“ Well, I soon began a parley, but all to no purpose; for she's determined to turn it into a chapel. Seeing this, I steered off; not without rapping out a few round ones, to be sure—but that's no matter—Dam'ne if I could help it!

“ Heavy laden now, I sailed slowly home, and sat down to write this bit of a journal to acquaint you with the mutinous conduct of Mrs. Martha, who, I hope, will yet be brought to a court-martial and broke.

“ This is all for the present, except that

wife and I send our love to Pernel, and beg you'll remember us to all our old shipmates.

“ Yours while I've a plank afloat,

“ ANDREW LLANELTHY.”

“ P.S. I hear that my boy is come home; and we have written to him to try to make this port before he goes on another cruize. I and his mother long to see him; for we are told that the dog has done his duty.”

This strange composition was read, to the great amusement of all but sir David, who could not refrain from expressing his disapprobation of Martha's proceeding. “ A chapel !” he exclaimed. “ If she had turned it into a mad-house, and locked herself and her followers up in it for the remainder of their days, I'd have forgiven her.

her. But I'll rout 'em—I'll have no chapels or preaching in my garden, I warrant her."

The doctor laughed heartily at the event, and could not be easy until he had been at Mr. Le Dupe's to inform him how his *old friend* was going on in the country. After he was gone, sir David said he should advise Urban to go to his parents directly, and that he should make him the bearer of a letter to Martha ; which he retired to write.

Lady Greymont, who took every opportunity of leaving Pernel alone with his lordship, withdrew also, saying—" I've some domestic affairs to attend to for a few moments ; but I shall soon be back again. In the mean time, my dear, lord Greymont will entertain you with the news."

Pernel, whose thoughts were wholly taken up with what sir David had said of Urban's



going immediately to his father's, had scarcely noticed what her ladyship had uttered as she left the room ; and his lordship observing her thoughtfulness, said, " Perhaps you do not wish me to read, miss Pernel ?"—" I beg your pardon, my lord !" she replied, starting—" I shall be happy to hear you, if it is not too much trouble."—" Rather say too much happiness," he rejoined, and proceeded to peruse various paragraphs, and, among others, an advertisement for a wife ;—which Pernel declared to be of his lordship's making, and would not believe the contrary until she had seen the paper.

" Advertise for a wife," she cried, " as one would for a horse ! Is it possible that any match ever resulted from such a plan ? Could——" Here she stopped ; adding,



ing, " But it is not for me to give an opinion on these subjects."

" Not for you," said lord Greymont, " to give an opinion?—Pardon me! I know none so well qualified; for who should give laws to love but beauty?"

" Love! Can there be love, my lord, in those whom not hearts but newspapers bring together?"—"I should think not," replied his lordship; " but if hearts must meet on this occasion, where is the justice of the fair one who, after winning the hearts of thousands, gives her heart to one?"

" I have heard of losing hearts before, my lord; yet I can see no injustice in the person who wins them, though much happiness—for, who would not be loved?"

His lordship sighed.

" Happiness, certainly!" said he; " but

is it not at the expence of the happiness of others?"

"I would not," replied Pernel, "enjoy the greatest upon such terms; but I do not think it can make any one unhappy to love another: I never felt it so. And as to the injustice of winning hearts, my lady Grey-mont tells me that there are lovers who have one for every lady they meet. If so, how can they all expect a return from those who have only one? which I'm sure is my case."

"Come, be serious!" said his lordship, drawing his chair close to Pernel's.

"Serious, my lord! Is this a serious subject? No. Now I'll tell you what such lovers should be compared to:—they should be compared to silk-worms, which, as I once read in a book of natural history, have a continued row of hearts from their heads down to their tails."

"Oh

“ Oh you rambler !” said his lordship, “ will you never be serious ? We began with matrimony, and now you’re talking to me about worms.”

“ Ah, my lord !” replied Pernel ; “ and a very natural declension—*They* are what we must all come to !”

“ Fie on you ! why will you joke so ?”

“ Joke !” cried Pernel : “ If that’s a joke, ’faith ’tis a very *serious* one, my lord, and should meet with your approbation.”

His lordship could not help smiling. “ But, come !” said he, “ Matrimony was the question, and I must have your sentiment on that head.”

“ Well, since you seem so anxious about it,” she replied, “ I will tell you what I think of it. And I have a simile for that too, my lord.”

“ No, no more similes, let me beg of you !”

“ No simile, no opinion. I can only speak in parables, my lord.”

“ Well, well, come !”

“ Then, from what I have heard,” said she, “ of the inconstancy of husbands, I must compare man and wife to the male and female of the glow-worm species—”

“ More worms !” ejaculated his lordship.

“ Don’t be afraid of ’em,” said Pernel ; “ they shan’t eat you yet. But to my simile—The male of these has wings, the female none : so that he being ever on the wing, the poor lady has little of his company, and trouble enough to keep him faithful. Now, my lord, you may guess my opinion.”

At this moment an interruption, but little expected, put an end to their conversation ; which Pernel always carried on in this pleasant way, laughing his lordship, as  
it



it were, out of his love fits whenever she saw any symptoms of their approach.

Old Morgan having once ventured out of ——— square into the neighbouring streets, was so perplexed that he could not find it again for several hours. Recollecting merely that it was a square with a garden in the middle, without knowing its name, those of whom he enquired, however well disposed, could give him no certain direction. He was therefore sent to almost every square in the West, and to the same again and again; and would never have found his own, if Jerry had not by accident spied him walking precipitately, and gaping about, without knowing where he was, before the very house in which he lived—and hailed him to know where he was going in such a desperate hurry.

In consequence of this, the honest Welch-

man would never after leave his home unaccompanied by some one who knew the town. He had often been by choice with messages to Urban, but never without taking Jerry under his arm.

This morning he had been sent to desire him to wait on sir David.

Old Morgan, though by no means a penetrating genius, had for some time perceived an alteration in the spirits and appearance of Urban, and immediately concluded that he was in love.

So it is—As nothing can be done amiss in a house, but *nobody* has done it ; so can nothing happen to a young man, but *love* is the cause of it. If he sighs, he is in love. If he is indisposed, and requires medical assistance, still 'tis love—love has made him ill. In the present instance, however, the construction was just ; for Morgan taxed

him with it, and he acknowledged that he was in love—but with whom, he learned from another quarter.

Jerry had observed more than Morgan ; and when the latter confessed, cautiously however, that he believed Urban *might* be in love, the other candidly told him that he was certain of it, for he knew the object. But what was poor Morgan's grief and astonishment when Jerry affirmed that, from his observations, he was sure it was Pernel.

This happened the day before ; and this morning he was resolved to rate Urban well, and to try to prevail upon him to give up all thoughts of her, as he was sure Sir David would never agree to the match.

Jerry, as usual, waited in an anti-chamber, and old Morgan was shewn in to Urban, who was leaning on a table, upon which  
was



was his father's letter. His countenance betrayed evident marks of want of rest, and anxiety of mind. Morgan, though full of what he intended to say, sat down, and, unable to utter a word, burst into tears. Presently after, he ejaculated: "Got pless hur, Got pless hur! I wout it cout, put it never can pe! never, never!"

Urban, much affected and surprised at the old man's conduct, questioned him, and was soon informed of the cause, and from whom he had gathered his intelligence.

"'Tis true," said he, "'tis too true!"—"No!" cried Morgan; "no, don't; don't say so—Say it's false, and make me happy!"

Urban shook his head.

"Mercy on us!" he continued, "If fir Tavit should know it—if hur should think hur loves miss Pernel—Lort, Lort! how  
hur



hur wout pounce apout and fret hurself!"—  
 " *You* will not tell him, Morgan, will you?"  
 said Urban.—"I, I tell!" he cried: "Morgan do hur harm! Oh master Urpan, master Urpan! hur would pite hur tongue off first."

"My good old friend," replied Urban, putting his hand on his shoulder, "I know you would—I know you would! Oh Morgan! what will become of me? Love I must. It will not leave me while I have breath. And if sir David hears of my presumption, will he not upbraid me with words more painful than death itself? Since I received that letter—it is now two days—I have not ate or slept—I must leave her—perhaps never to see her more!"

"Got Almighty!" exclaimed Morgan,  
 "not eat for two days? Put hur must tie  
 if

if hur doesn't eat. Pless hur soul, put such a love wout kill a giant \* !”

Old Morgan now delivered fir David's message, and was dismissed: not however before Urban had desired him to enjoin the strictest secrecy in his companion.

The interruption therefore which I lately alluded to, was occasioned by the sudden appearance of Urban. No precursor had announced his approach; as on his arrival he had enquired for fir David, and was consequently ushered into his chamber,

\* This observation might come very well from Morgan, as he was not a man of very profound reading; but one of the latter description would have readily seen that Urban was following a very ancient recipe for love. Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Crates, says, “that love is to be cured by *bunger*, if not by time; or, if neither of these remedies succeed, by a halter.”—And Claudianus tells us, that hunger may be borne, but love cannot: *Toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor.*

from

from whence he had passed on to the breakfast-room.

Lord Greymont, it may be remembered, had drawn his chair close to Pernel's, and was gazing in her face, and, as she spoke, leaned forward as if anxious to catch every word that fell from her lips. At this crisis Urban entered. For some moments he stood motionless; at length recovering himself, he began with hesitation to apologize for his intrusion, saying, "he had been directed to that room by sir David, who had desired him to enquire if miss Pernel had any commands at Dynevawr-house."

Men of fashion are not easily disconcerted. His lordship rose, and with affected complaisance said, "If that's the case, I shall leave you to yourselves. Make no apology, sir, I beg—Remember me to all our friends

friends in ———shire!" and retired. Urban sunk on a chair.

"Bless me, Urban," cried Pernel, "what is the matter with you? how pale you look!"

"Do I?" said he, looking at her.

"Are you unwell, or are you unhappy? Tell me, now do."

"Is paleness," said he, "the sign of unhappiness? No, it cannot be. If it were, you, who are not pale, should be happy; and if you are, I must be so too. For I would sacrifice my happiness to secure yours; and seeing that you were happy, how could I be otherwise?"

The kindness of this speech sensibly affected the heart of Pernel. She knew not what to reply. "I am going, Pernel," continued Urban: "This day I shall leave you. But when we shall meet again....."

"Soon,



“ Soon, soon !” interrupted she ; “ soon, I hope.”

“ Do you hope so ?—Do you indeed ?”

“ Affure yourself I do. Since we were children, Urban, our meetings to be sure have been short and seldom, but . . . . .”

“ But,” said he, sighing, “ we have met once too often !”

“ Too often ? I would we met oftener !”

“ So, so would I ; and therefore 'tis we've met too often.”

“ How you talk ! I declare I don't understand you. If you felt as much pleasure in my company as I do in yours, you would not say so.”

“ Pleasure ! Ah Pernel, if you knew my heart, I have no other. But you find as much in lord Greymont's ?” said he, fixing his eyes on hers.

“ No,

"No, indeed! Believe me, I had always rather be without it."

"How do I thank you for saying so! But in what manner does it benefit me? Sir David's son will reap all the advantage. Even before I return, he and you . . . . Oh, I cannot bear to think of it!"

Here he pressed his forehead with his hand; and, before she could make any answer, sir David came into the room.

"So, so!" said he—"Well, I suppose you've arranged every thing by this time; and here is my letter to Martha; to which I beg you will add all in your power to dissuade her from going on with her methodistical absurdities." Urban bowed.

"If you have done with him, Pernel," continued sir David, "we had better let him go as soon as he is able, for I see this  
London

London does not much agree with him : it has altered his looks sadly, but I hope the country will bring him about."

Thus spoke fir David without any suspicion of the fact. Pernel and Urban looked at each other, and said nothing. The Baronet now pressed Urban to dispatch; when Pernel, as if she recollected something, begged he would wait a moment while she ran up stairs to fetch a little commission she wished to trust to his care.

She soon returned with a small parcel, which she gave him before fir David, desiring him to deliver it according to the address, and tell the person to keep what it contained in remembrance of her.

He then took his leave, and returned to his lodgings, with a heavy heart, to prepare for his journey.





